

Holden

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

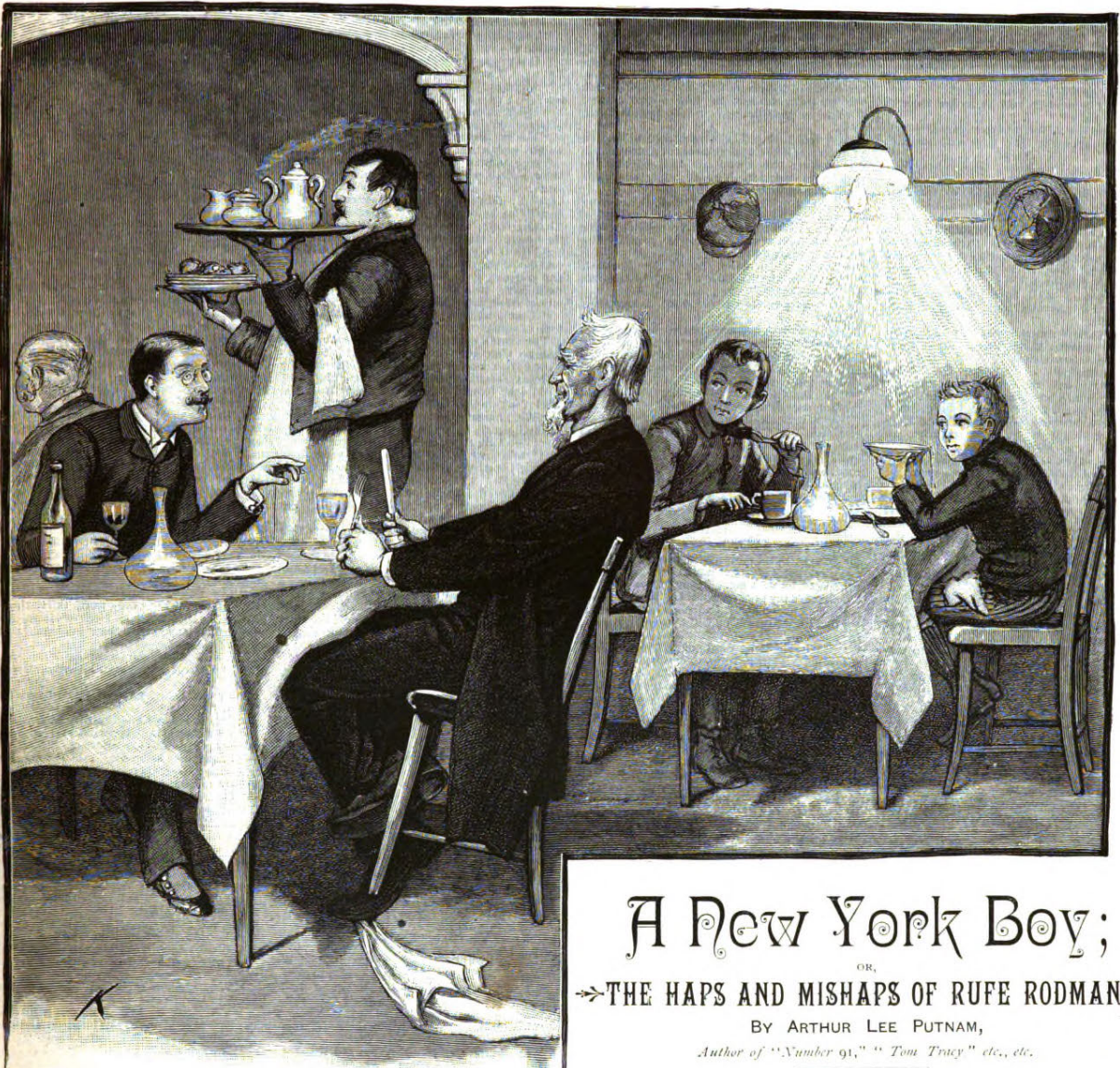
Vol. VI. No. 22.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 181 WARREN ST., PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 282.



A New York Boy;

OR,
THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF RUFÉ RODMAN.

BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

Author of "Number 91," "Tom Tracy" etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES RUFÉ RODMAN.

RUFÉ RODMAN LOWERED HIS VOICE TO A WHISPER. "THAT'S A CONFIDENCE MAN ' HE SAID TO MICKY. "HE'S TRYIN' TO ROPE THE OTHER FELLER IN."

"SMASH your baggage, sir?"
Our story opens in front of the Grand Central Depot on Forty Second Street, and the speaker was a bright faced boy of fifteen, arrayed in a suit which had seen its best days long since. The person addressed was a

nervous, elderly gentleman, who had just emerged from the depot, carrying in his hand a valise of medium size.

He eyed the boy with a wondering look, as he replied: "Why should I want my baggage smashed? I can smash it myself if I want it done."

"It ain't fit work for a gentleman like you."

"Nor for anybody else, in my opinion.

Is that your business?" continued the elderly gentleman.

"Yes, sir, I'm a baggage smasher—purfessionally."

"It's a queer business, on my word. How do you make it pay?"

"The gentleman as has his baggage smashed pays me."

"Why, I'd as soon pay you for sitting on my hat."

"I'll do that cheap," said the boy, with a laugh. "But I guess you don't know what smashin' baggage is."

"I thought I did, but perhaps I am mistaken."

"It's just carrying it for you wherever you want to go."

"Oh, that's it!" said the gentleman in a tone of relief. "That sounds better. If you had talked English I would have understood you sooner. Well, you can carry my valise if you want to."

"All right, sir. Where am I to carry it?"

"To the Park Avenue Hotel, I think. That's a good hotel, isn't it?"

"First class."

"Is it far off?"

"It is about ten blocks—half a mile. Will you take the car or walk?"

"I will walk, I have been cramped up so long in the cars that it will rest me to stretch my legs."

"Very well, sir. We'll walk along Park Avenue. The cars go through the tunnel."

"New York has changed a good deal since I was here, nearly fifteen years since."

"I don't remember how it looked then. I was only a baby."

"So I suppose. What is your name?"

"Rufus Rodman. The boys call me Rufus for short."

"And you make a living by smashing baggage?"

"Yes, sir, but I can't get steady work at that. Sometimes I sell papers."

"And where do you live?"

"Sometimes I bunk at the Newsboys' Lodging House, but just at present I'm residin' with a friend of mine on Sixteenth Street, near Avenue A. We go shares, Micky and I. It costs us each fifty cents a week."

"I suppose I shall have to pay more than that at the Park Avenue Hotel," said the traveler with a smile.

"I don't know exactly what they charge, for I haven't boarded there lately. Micky and I prefer a private residence."

"Who's Micky?"

"Micky Flynn is his whole name. He is a paper merchant, and a boot and shoe artist."

"In other words a newsboy and bootblack."

"That's what some folks call him, but Micky is high toned, for his great grandfather was King of Cork, so Micky says."

"I am glad to see such distinguished company. What building is that?"

"That's the Park Avenue Hotel."

"My destination. You may give me the valise now. What do you expect for your services?"

"The expenses of livin' is so great that I shall have to charge you fifteen cents."

"You are a character. Here's a quarter."

"Thank you, sir. You're a gentleman, every inch of you."

"Suppose I had only given you a nickel—what would you have said then?"

"That you was very absent minded," answered Rufus with a comical look.

"That would be a charitable view to take. Good by, Rufus, and good luck."

"Thank you, sir. The same to you. I'll have a good supper to celebrate my birthday."

"Is this your birthday?"

"Yes, sir; I am fifteen years old today."

"Do you expect any birthday presents?"

"No, sir; I had no birthday presents since my mother died," the boy answered soberly.

"When did your mother die?" asked the gentleman in a tone of sympathy.

"When I was eleven years old."

"And you have taken care of yourself ever since?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever gone hungry?"

"Yes, sir, lots of times; but I don't mind it much. Sometimes I've had to make my supper off an apple. Apples is fillin' but they don't warm a feller up like coffee and beefsteak."

"No, I should think not. Well, Rufus, I want you to have a good birthday dinner this time. Invite your friend Micky to join you. Here is a dollar. Will that do?"

"Yes, sir. We'll have a big blow out, Micky and me."

"Will you go to Delmonico's?" asked Mr. Chadwick, with a smile.

"No, Delmonico's is gettin' common. Besides our dress suits are laid away for the season, and we can't put on no frills."

"You must select some place where you can get a good dinner."

"Thank you, sir; you're very kind. If you was livin' in the city I'd have a birthday every week."

"That would be too expensive for me."

"Here a hotel porter made his appearance, and Rufus and his patron parted.

The young baggage smasher took out the silver dollar and the quarter and regarded them with much satisfaction.

"I mustn't let the tax collector see them," he said to himself, "or he'd put me on the list with Astor and Vanderbilt. You're in luck,

Rufe Rodman, but you can stand it. Now I must hunt up Micky, and invite him to the banquet."

Rufus kept on his way down Fourth Avenue, of which Park Avenue is really a part, and at the corner of Twenty Third Street, alongside of the Young Men's Christian Association building, he met his room mate Micky Flynn. Micky was a freckled faced boy, younger and a little shorter than Rufus, whose distinguishing characteristic was a head of flaming red hair. He had half a dozen *Telegrams* under his arm, for which he was seeking purchasers.

"Hallo, Micky!" said Rufus. "What luck have you had today?"

"O, it's you, Rufe!" said Micky, wheeling round. "Faith, it's mighty bad luck I've had today. I've only made twenty three cents, and I'm stuck on six *Telegrams*. I never see them go so poor."

"Here, give me half, and I'll go across the street. What's the news?"

"I don't see none, except there was a dog run over on the Erie road. That ain't of no account."

"Give me another paper. I'll sell 'em on that. The fact is, Micky, you ain't enterprisin'."

Rufus went across the way, and began to cry—*That railroad accident! A terrific loss of life!*

Now this was rather a questionable proceeding on Rufe Rodman's part, and we do not mean to commend or even excuse it. Still, some allowance may well be made for a motherless boy, whose education had been picked up in the streets of the great city. Do not judge Rufe too severely; reader; he had a good heart, though he may have acted thoughtlessly at times.

The bait took. The papers sold off in ten minutes. The last purchaser was a stout, choleric looking man, who at once opened the paper and began to look for the details of the accident, but in vain.

"I say, boy!" he cried. "I don't see anything about the accident."

Rufus took the paper, and pointed to a four line item in an obscure part of the paper. The choleric man became angry.

"That's a swindler, boy!" he shouted. "There's no terrific loss of life. There was only a dog killed."

"It was terrific—for the dog!" said Rufus, demurely.

The man laughed and passed on, his wretch appeared.

A nervous looking maiden lady, who had caught the boy's startling announcement, asked,

"Have you no more papers?"

"No, ma'am, but my friend across the street can accommodate you."

The lady hurried over.

"Here, boy," she said to Micky, who had not sold either of his papers, "give me a paper, or you can't get a cousin's living near some railroad, and maybe he was in the accident. I'll take both papers—Sarah Ann will want one."

Micky with great satisfaction pocketed the four cents.

"Now show me where it tells about the accident."

Micky pointed out the paragraph with some misgivings, but to his relief the lady said: "I can't read it till I get home, for I haven't got my spectacles with me. I shan't know till then whether it's my poor cousin that's killed or not."

As she hurried away, Rufus said with a laugh,

"I don't think she'll be willing to own the dog for a cousin."

"Maybe she'll be disappointed," said Micky, shrewdly. "I say, Rufe, that was a bully idea of yours. I never thought of it."

"Folks most generally like to read about accidents, Micky. Any way, they'll get the worth of their money. And now, Micky, I'm goin' to surprise you. I'm goin' to give you a big supper to-night to celebrate my birthday, and you're invited."

"I'm with you," said Micky enthusiastically. "I haven't eaten anything since mornin'."

CHAPTER II.

A BIRTHDAY DINNER.

RUFUS and his room mate were not in general fastidious as to the restaurant which they patronized. When they were in the lower part of the city they frequented the Jim Fisk or the Boss Tweed, where they could get a square meal, including tea or coffee, a plate of meat and a piece of pie, with a fair supply of bread and butter, for fifteen cents. Those who patronize Delmonico's or the Brunswick may be surprised that so small a sum should purchase so large a supply of food; but it is fortunate for those of very limited means that such restaurants exist, upon which he fixed his choice. When he announced his decision to Micky, the latter was almost incredulous.

But Rufus had no intention of patronizing his usual restaurants on his birthday. There was a more pretentious and higher priced dining saloon not far from Grand Street, upon which he fixed his choice. When he announced his decision to Micky, the latter was almost incredulous.

"You ain't goin' to play no game on the restaurant?" he said, inquiringly.

"Of course I ain't. What do you take me for?"

"Have you got money enough to pay for two meals?"

"Look at that!" said Rufus, displaying a silver dollar.

"Where'd you get it?"

"A gentleman up at the Grand Central Depot gave it to me for a birthday supper. He told me to invite you."

"How did he know me?" asked Micky, grateful but also surprised.

"I told him about you. He said he was glad I kept such good company. 'Invite your friend, Mr. Flynn, to dine with you,' says he."

"Did he really say that?" asked Micky, a flush of pride mantling his cheek.

"To be sure. I just wish I had a birthday every week."

"So do I, Rufe."

It was a considerable walk for the boys to the restaurant where they proposed to regale themselves, but they did not feel the fatigue with such a prospect before them.

"Come in, Micky," said Rufus, when they reached the portals of the aristocratic café.

"Maybe they won't let us in."

"Don't you be afraid. Follow me!"

With an air of importance, and the comfortable feeling induced by his unusual wealth, Rufus led the way, and seated himself at a small side table, motioning Micky to sit opposite.

A waiter approached, and eyed the boys doubtfully.

"Give me some roast turkey, and my friend some roast beef, with coffee for both."

"I suppose you've got money enough to pay the bill?"

"I don't you worry about that, young man—I'm solid, I am."

"All right! You can have all you can pay for."

"Don't mind our clo'es. We're Eytalian noblemen in disguise."

"You're pretty well disguised," said the waiter, with a smile.

There was a shade of dissatisfaction on Micky's face when the waiter left to fill the order.

"Why didn't you order roast turkey for me, Rufe?" he said. "I didn't eat any since last Thanksgiving, when us boys had a dinner at the Lodging House."

"I'll tell you why, Micky. Two plates would cost too much. I'll give you half of my turkey, and you can give me half your roast beef, so we'll have two kinds of meats, and there's money enough for pie, too."

"That's all right, Rufe!" said Micky, in a tone of satisfaction.

The viands were brought, and the two boys lost no time in attacking them. It is needless to say that not a particle was left, and the dishwasher had an easy time with the plates.

"I wish I could eat like that every day," said Micky, with a sigh of profound satisfaction.

"We haven't made our fortunes yet, Micky."

"I don't think we ever will."

"I don't mean to be top of the heap some time. Lots of poor boys get rich in New York. Why can't we?"

"Well, I'd like to have it hurry up. I've only made twenty three cents today. That don't look much like a fortune."

"No more it does, but something 'll turn up if we wait long enough. I say, Micky, look there!"

With a backward movement of the thumb Rufe directed the attention of his friend to a table about ten feet away, at which were seated two men, one a well dressed young man with a mustache, and rather a duds look; the other a fat, portly, roughly dressed, with shaggy hair, and the general look of a man unused to metropolitan life. The young man was evidently paying him marked attention, and trying to produce a favorable impression.

"I see; what of it?" said Micky.

"Don't you know that young feller?"

Rufus lowered his voice to a half whisper.

"He's a confidence man," he answered.

"He's tryin' to rope the other feller in."

"How do you know?"

"I've seen him at his game before. Let's listen, but don't let him know we are doin' it."

"My friend," said the young man, glibly, "I've taken a fancy to you. You look like a smart, enterprising man, with his heart in the right place."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," returned the other, with a smirk of complacency. "I ain't a bit vain, but I'm sure you've got a large and good opinion of me."

"Of course they have. I don't need anybody to tell me. You ought to be in the Legislature—perhaps you are."

"Well, I haven't been yet, but some of my friends think of runnin' me for next year."

"I have no hope to be taken in. You've got a large amount of practical good sense. I don't think it would be easy to take you in."

"I don't know. I've heard there are some dreadful smart rascals in New York."

"So there are, but they are too smart to make up to a man like you. They can see that you are no fool to be taken in."

"I guess you're right," said the countryman, his face glowing with pleasure, for he relished flattery, as who does not?

"You did right in coming to New York, though. There are chances of making money here that you can't find in the country. Why last week I made five hundred and seventy-five dollars in a speculation, though I don't pretend to be smart."

"You did?" ejaculated the countryman, eagerly.

"Certainly."

"Are there many such chances?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Yes, for those who are smart enough to avail themselves of them."

"I'd like to make five hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"No doubt you would. Of course it is necessary to have some money to speculate with. If you had two or three hundred dollars now—"

"I have."

"Have you it with you in the city?"

"Yes."

"Then I can put you in the way of making three dollars for one."

"Will it take long?"

"Only a few days."

"I'd like to talk this matter over with you. If you'll give me a chance to make that money, I won't mind givin' you—five dollars!"

A smile flitted over the young man's face, but his country friend did not see it.

"I won't charge you anything," he said. "I'll do it out of friendship. We'll adjourn to your hotel, and talk the matter over."

The two men rose, and the young man paid the bill.

"Come quick, Micky!" whispered Rufus. "I'm goin' to follow them fellers."

CHAPTER III.

AN ARTFUL SCHEME.

"WHERE are you staying?" asked the young man, as he and his new acquaintance emerged from the restaurant.

"At the New England Hotel."

"A very good place. I'll go round there with you and tell you about my plan for making money."

"All right," said the old man. "That'll suit me."

They crossed the street, and a short walk brought them to the old and respectable hotel already mentioned.

"We can sit in the readin' room," said the old man.

"Better go up to your own room, where we can be quiet. I don't want any one to hear what I am going to say to you. I give you a chance because I have taken a liking to you, and because you look so much like an uncle of mine who was drowned at sea. Poor Uncle James! he was the best looking of the family," continued the young man with a gentle sigh.

"He certainly understood the delicate art of flattery, and was fast winning the favor of his companion."

"Maybe you're right," said the latter. "We'll step up stairs."

The room was a small one on the third floor back. The young man took a seat on the bed, and proceeded to business.

"First of all," he said, "I really ought to tell you who I am. My name is Leonard Wilton. My brother and I are commission merchants down town. Father left us boys pretty comfortable. He divided his fortune of three hundred thousand dollars between us."

"You don't say!" ejaculated the old man, very much impressed. "You boys are worth a hundred and fifty thousand dollars?"

"More, for I have invested my money advantageously."

"The richest man in our town—Greenville, New Hampshire—is only worth thirty thousand dollars."

"I dare say. He'd be a poor man in New York."

"Gosh! I wonder what he'd say to that. Why he struts round as if he owned the whole town."

"My dear sir—by the way you haven't mentioned your name."

"Joshua Beckwith. I'm fifty nine years old, and I was born in Greenville, and so was my father and grandfather before me."

"I can easily believe it," said the young man in a tone of the significance of which Mr. Beckwith did not understand. "Are you a lawyer?"

"Gosh, no! What made you think that?"

"There is a sharp, acute expression in your face which led me to think you might be. Why you wasn't a lawyer. You would have made a smart one."

"I dunno about that," said Mr. Beckwith, well pleased by the compliment. "I'm afraid you set me too high."

"No, I don't. I'm a judge of human nature if I am nothing else. I have traveled and seen the world, and I cannot be mistaken. You are about as sharp as they make 'em."

"Well, I don't know but you're right. Folks don't often get ahead of me, if I do say it myself."

"Why shouldn't you say it? But I must come to business."

"Yes, that's the talk. You was goin' to show me how I could make five hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"More or less."

"Just so."

"Wilton got up and closed the open transom over the door."

"I don't want to be heard outside," he said.

"I don't want to give away the scheme to any one else."

"You're right there. I'm sharp enough to understand that," said the old man complacently.

"Of course you are, Mr. Beckwith. Now, before I begin I want to caution you to keep this thing to yourself. We'll work together and keep the profits to ourselves."

Something About Ships.

BY CAPT. HENRY F. HARRISON.



IN the times of the ancients ships were built to last. An old writer mentions one which had belonged to the Emperor Trajan as having in his own day been raised from the

bed of Lake Riccia, where it had lain for over thirteen hundred years. The pine and cypress timbers were well preserved. So also the plank sheathing. This was coated with Greek pitch and calked with linen rags. Over all small sheets of lead were tacked, after the manner of present day ship coppering.

Yet ships of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were very imperfectly put together. In some cases divers were hired to sail as part of the crew. When the seams were opened by straining, the cargo or armament was shifted over to heel the ship. Then the divers were sent down to stop the leak the best way they could. Later this pleasant duty was delegated to a carpenter who was suspended over the side in a bowline.

Another peculiarity of ships of those days was that the masts (which were loosely "stayed") were allowed free play in the mastholes. The ship sailed "freer," was the theory; and then light, as well as air, was admitted below. Also water, one might be led to think.

On board some of those old times, when the watches were changed at midnight, the boatswain tolled the bell solemnly for a few moments, while another official called out for the benefit of the crew:

"To prayers all and ask forgiveness for your sins! For who shall say that before morning every soul of you may not be plunged into purgatorial flame?"

As far back as 1620 ships were built something after the model of the "pink" or "pinkie" of a century later, which was simply an evolution from the old time caravel. It was found that the stern being built with a certain degree of sharpness and sheer divided the following sea. Whereas the broad stern and flat counter gave fearful leverage to the striking wave.

A century ago the "pink" safely rounded both Cape Horn and the Cape

to the East Indies and back with no better chart than a map of the two oceans torn from an atlas of that day, and made a very successful voyage at that.

Following the "pink" came the coasters and West Indiamen, with the jaunty topsail schooner rig, which, alas, is a thing of the past. Then full rigged brigs, which are so rarely seen at the present day. After them the hermaphrodite or "half rig." That is a square rig at the fore, and fore and aft at the main.

This was in the palmy days of our ocean commerce. When Donald McKay's Great Republic was the largest ship afloat—registering 3356 tons old measurement. When the swift sailing Red Jacket of 2500 tons burthen made the famous ocean passage to Liverpool in thirteen days one hour and twenty five minutes. When the Flying Cloud was only eighty four days from New York to San Francisco. And when the clipper Dreadnaught beat the record of the ocean steamers!

It was quite generally the impression at this time that the Great Republic was the largest wooden ship ever built. For actual carrying purposes this was true. Yet I find that in 1825, a timber ship was built at Quebec, called the Baron of Ren-

to the yards by clewlines and buntlines as a prelude to stowing.

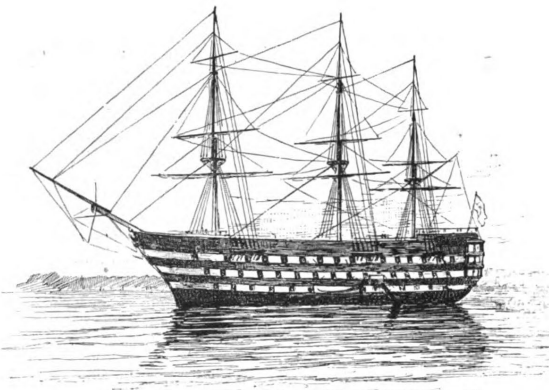
I have been interested in looking up the record of a few of the oldest known ships that are still afloat.

The old East Indian teakwood ships used to be considered to last longer than those built with live oak frames and planking. The wood itself being very hard and close grained resists the action of the teredo, or boring worm, which is so destructive to ordinary ship timber. It also contains a sort of oil which helps preserve the spikes and bolts driven into it.

Yet I see lately that Nelson's old flagship—the Victory—launched in 1775, is still afloat. According to the London papers her timbers and planking of English oak are in admirable condition.

At a New Bedford wharf lies a partly dismantled ship called the Rousseau. She was built in 1801, for the Stephen Girard packet line of Philadelphia, and afterwards sold to parties who fitted her out for whaling voyages. Not longer than four years ago the Rousseau returned from a successful three years' cruise in the South Pacific, with a full cargo of oil and bone.

The bark Europa, built in Norway in 1801, recently loaded in a European port.



NELSON'S FLAGSHIP, THE VICTORY.

frew, whose capacity was as follows: length 309 feet, breadth 60 feet, depth 38 feet, tonnage 8888. This enormous craft was lost on the Flemish banks on her first voyage.

Today the Fred A. Billings, is, I think, considered the largest wooden American ship, her tonnage being 2600. Yet there is an iron ship across the ocean—the Walter H. Wilson—which, according to the *St. James' Gazette*, has a carrying capacity of 4000 tons. Both of these are four masted ships.

Yet what shall we say of the great three and four masted schooners of the present day? I can tell you what Jack Tar says. He calls them "man killers." Think of a fore and aft schooner of nearly two thousand tons to be handled by a crew of only eight men!

True, many of these monsters claim to lighten the crew's labor through the medium of a steam winch or small donkey engine. By means of these sails are mastheaded and the ponderous anchor lifted to the bows,

together with similar weighty tasks. Yet in a winter gale off shore, steam will not assist in taking in or reefing the immense sails, stiffened, it may be, with ice and sleet. And fore and aft sails are far more difficult to handle than square sails which can be hauled up

The Amethyst, lost in the Arctic not long since, is known to have been afloat more than sixty years. And the old coasting schooner Polly, built in the war of 1812, took a cargo of lumber from Bangor last summer, if I remember aright.

And this brings to mind the old time freights and profits accruing therefrom. For example, the Juno of 220 tons "stocked" for her owners in 1804 over \$300,000 as the result of a three years' trading voyage to the northwest coast. And to come nearer our own day, I call to mind the times when a ship paid for herself in a couple of voyages from a cotton port to an English port. I remember a Bath shipmaster who at the time of the Crimean war earned in less than two years \$75,000 for his owners.

It paid to build ships then. And sometimes paid to build them in a hurry to meet some pressing demand; as in 1851 and 1852, after the "California fever" broke out. Sampson and Tappan, two East Boston ship owners, laid the keel of a clipper called the Westward Ho, 1800 tons, on the very same day that the ship Milton cleared from Boston to San Francisco. This was in the latter part of July, 1852. The 16th of October, the same year, the Westward Ho sailed for San Francisco with a full cargo, making the run in 103 days. She discharged and was taking in ballast when the Milton came up the harbor, having been nearly 180 days on the passage. Truly there were giants in those days. Donald McKay, another famous East Boston builder, turned out the James Baine, which ship once logged 420 miles in twenty four hours, a record never, I believe, beaten.

Among other famous clippers were the Comet, which in 1852 sailed from San Francisco to New York in 83 days, and the Sovereign of the Seas, which

reached the same port from the Sandwich Islands in the marvelous time of 82 days. The latter vessel made 362 knots, or 419 miles, in one sailing day, and averaged over 9 miles an hour for the entire voyage of 17,597 miles.

But our present day merchant marine is slowly and surely doomed to decay. Ocean and "tramp" steamers are carrying the freights in quicker time and at less rates than the comparatively few wooden ships which still remain to us. Foreign tonnage, too, is making its encroachments in the same direction, so unless Americans can learn to build iron ships as cheaply as our English and Scotch cousins, the swift sailing square rigger will soon be a thing of the past.

Every season swifter steamers are being built and their consumption of coal reduced. The Umbria has run from Queenstown to Fire Island in six days two and a half hours, the quickest time on record for a steamship. The German Lloyd has an average of 16.1, the Cunard 16.8, and the Guion 14.1. And Spain, not reckoned very highly in a maritime point of view, boasts a torpedo cruiser which can steam twenty three knots or almost twenty seven miles per hour. Though I take this statement with a degree of allowance. Between steaming in smooth water and in a sea way there is a vast difference. But I believe even now in our own country a steamer is built which it is claimed will make from nineteen to twenty knots against wind and sea. What another century will develop in this line is purely conjectural. Possibly electricity will be the motive power, and all the pleasure of a sea voyage taken away by its rapidity. Who shall say?

CIRCUS TRAINING.

"PRACTICE makes perfect," and the continued disuse of powers would result in their loss. Thus it comes to pass that during the cold weather, when tenting is out of the question, circus riders and circus horses still have to go through their performances in order to keep their hands—or rather their feet—in practice.

From a paper on such a winter training school in the *New York Times*, we make a few extracts.

From the center of the ring rose a strong pole, or mast, which lost itself in the beams above which served to support the dressing room floor. Three quarters of the way up from the bottom of the pole there stretched out an arm, which gave to the pole a gallow-like appearance. A rope which hung from the end of this arm, with a halter band of leather, added to the repulsive look. The arm moved noiselessly and easily about the supporting post. "Is the young lady to be hung on that gallow?" was the question addressed to the man of horse lore and circus mystery.

"Yes, she'll hang there for a half hour. Here she comes; now see how she does it."

An attendant fastened the halter about the waist of "the peerless equestrienne," and the gallow was ready. But before her lesson is begun Mlle. Throughthehoop goes up to the ring, puts her kindly on the head and neck, and gives him a lump of sugar. Friendly relations are thus established between horse and rider, and she says "All right, let him go." There's a snap of the ringmaster's whip, a characteristically womanly "Get up!" in a shrill, high key, and the handsome gray begins his gallop about the little circus ring.

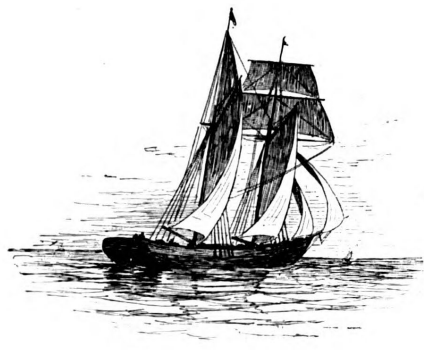
He accomplishes a half dozen circuits of the ring, and then Mlle. Throughthehoop makes a frantic rush at him, catches him by the mane with one hand and with the other seizes the grip fastened to the saddle girth and leaps to his back. At the same instant the rope arrangement of the gallow's frame of the mechanic is hauled taut. It is well it is hauled taut, too, for the new horse, startled by the sudden descent on his resined back, jumps away as if struck by a bullet. The rider loses her foothold, and if it wasn't for that mechanic and its gallow-like arm, she would have had a bad tumble. Instead the mechanic and its arm, and harness keep her swinging in the air, and she is gradually lowered to the ground.

The ringmaster's whip cracks, everybody yells "Hi-hi-hi," the horse finally gets down to its regular gallop once more, and the thing is gone over and over again. Several times the rider is saved from a tumble by the mechanic, and finally "Bob" is dismissed with a pat and a lump of sugar, and another gray horse, who is an old stager, comes to the ring.

EASIER MATCHED THAN THE BABY.

MRS. BABEGOOD—I'm going shopping, Louise. Is anything needed for the nursery?

Louise—Oui, madame. Leetele Harold, vat you call—swallow bees r-r-rattle zis morning. Eet vas silvratte one wiz ze zells, madame. Possibly you can it match.



A TOPSAIL SCHOONER.

of Good Hope, yet to look at the seemingly frail, clumsy appearing craft (of which but few are extant) a modern sailor would think it the height of madness to undertake such a voyage in one. In an eighty ton pinkie, a young Salem shipmaster in his twenty first year sailed

BY GARNES MACKAY.

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew,
Ye bitter words, of anger born;
Ye feelings unkind, and deeds untrue,
Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn;
Against your memory we rebel—
We have outlived your foolish day;
No longer in our hearts you dwell—
Bygones! Bygones! pass away!
But oh, ye joyous smiles and tears,
Endearments fond, and pleasures past;
Ye hopes of life's first budding years,
Ye loves that seemed too bright to last;
Ye charities and words of peace,
Affection's sunshine after rain;
Oh, never let your blessings cease—
Bygones! Bygones! come again!

[This story commenced in No. 280.]

THE Golden Magnet

The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

Author of "In the Wilds of New Mexico," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

"WELL, lad," said my uncle, when, refreshed by a pleasant bath and a glass or two of goodly wine with the meal spread for me, I sat with him in the shaded room, my aunt—a pleasant, comely lady,—seated with her daughter, working by one of the open windows—"well, lad, people don't come a four or five thousand miles' journey on purpose to day visits. What have you got in your eye?"

"Frankly, Uncle Reuben," I said, "I don't know. I could not rest at home, and felt that I must go abroad; and now I must say that I am glad of my resolution."

I thought at first, as I was speaking, of the beautiful scenery, but in the latter part of my speech I was looking toward Lilla, and for a moment our eyes met.

My uncle shook his head as I finished speaking.

"Soap boiling isn't a pleasant trade, Harry," he said; "but as the old saying goes, 'Dirty work brings clean money.' There's always been a comfortable home for you, hasn't there?"

"Yes, uncle," I said impatiently. "And plenty to eat, and drink, and warmth."

"Yes, uncle." "And your father kept you at a good school?"

"Yes, uncle." "Then—it's plain speaking, but I must give it to you, Harry—you were a young fool to leave home."

"You were like the dog with the shadow, you've dropped a good mouthful of meat to grasp at nothing. You'd have done better sticking to the soap."

"I couldn't, uncle," I exclaimed. "Ah! that's what all you young donkeys say. I don't think of it—throwing up the chance of a good, sure trade!"

"But, my dear uncle, I was so unsuited for it, though I am ready enough to work. If you can give me employment, pray do so, for do not think I have come to be a burden to you."

"My dear boy," he said gravely, "I don't think anything of the sort. You are welcome here; and we owe you, it seems, the life of our dear child, though what your share was in saving her I don't know. Don't think, though, that we are not glad to see you. I did not, and she is not, glad to see you," he said, laughing, "there's your aunt ready again to throw her arms around your neck, you see."

Mrs. Landell had dropped her work and crossed over to lay her hand upon my shoulder, while there was a tear—one bright, gem-like tear of gratitude—sparkling in Lilla's eye as she looked up heartily from her work, and that stupid young heir of mine gave a tremendous thump against my chest.

There was a pause then for a few minutes, when, in a thick, husky voice, I once more tried to speak.

"I'm sure," I said, "if you welcome is warmer than I deserve it, indeed, uncle, I wish to be no burden to you. If you would rather not employ me, say so frankly; but perhaps you might, all the same, put me in the way of getting on as you have done."

"As I have done!" he said laughing. "I see, my dear boy, you look at things with just the same eyes that I did when I came over years ago. It's a lovely country, isn't it, Harry?"

But fireflies and humming birds, and golden sunshine, and gayly painted blossoms, are not victuals and drink, Harry; and, besides, when you set to and earn your victuals and drink, you don't know but what they will all be taken away from you. We've no laws here, my lad, worth a rush. It might be a glorious place, but man curses it, and we are always having revolutions, and bloodshed, and misery. We are continually having new presidents, here, my lad; and after being ruined three times, burned out twice, and saving my life by the skin of my teeth, the bright flowers and great green leaves seem to be powdered with ashes, and I'd gladly, any day, change this beautiful place, with its rich plantations, for a hundred acres of land in one of the Northern States."

"But don't you take rather a gloomy view of it all, uncle?" I said, as I looked at him curiously.

"But to my great discomfiture he burst out laughing, for he had read my thoughts exactly.

"My liver is as sound as yours, Harry, my boy," he said; "and I don't believe that there's a heartier man within fifty miles. No, my lad, I'm not jaundiced. There's no real prosperity here. The people are a lazy, loafing set, and never happy but when they are in hot water. There's the old proud, Hidalgo blood mixed up in their veins; they are too grand to work—too lazy to wash themselves. There isn't a decent fellow in the neighborhood, except one, and his name is Garcia—eh, Lill?" he said, laughing.

Lilla's face crimsoned as she bent over her work, while a few minutes after she rose and whispered to Mrs. Landell.



THE JAGUAR WAS ABOUT TO SPRING UPON US.

"You must excuse me, Harry," said my aunt, saying, "Lilla is unwell; the shock has been too much for her."

The next moment I was alone with my uncle, who proceeded in the same bitter strain: "Yes, my lad, business is very bad here, and I cannot see how matters are to mend. I'm glad to see you—hearily glad you have come. Stay with us a few months if you are determined upon a life abroad; see all you can of the country and judge for yourself; but Heaven forbid that I should counsel my sister's child to settle in such a revolutionary place!"

I was not long in finding out the truth of my uncle's words. The place was volcanic, and earthquakes of no uncommon occurrence; but Nature in the soil was not one half as bad as Nature in the human race—Spanish, half blood, and Indian—with which she had peopled the region, for they were, to a man, stuffed with explosive material, which the spark of any excitement was always liable to explode.

But I was delighted with the climate, in spite of the heat; and during the calm, cool evenings, when the moon was glancing through the trees, bright, pure, and silvery, again and again I thought of how happy I could be there but for one thing.

That one thing was not the nature of the people nor their revolutionary outburst, for I may as well own that commerce or property had little hold upon my thoughts until I found how

necessary the latter was for my success. My sole thoughts in those early days, and the one thing that troubled me, was the constant presence of my uncle's wealthy neighbor, Pablo Garcia.

After meeting him a few times his very presence, with his calm, supercilious treatment of one whom he evidently hated from the bottom of his soul, was deeply galling to me. Upon his appearance I used to go out and ramble away for hours together, seeking the wilder wooded parts, and the precipitous spurs of the mountains, climbing higher and higher, till more than once in some lonely spot I came upon some trace of a bygone civilization—ruined temple, or palace of grand proportions, but now overthrown and crumbling into dust, with the dense vegetation of the region springing up around, and in many places so covering



IT WAS ONLY BY ACCIDENT THAT I DISCOVERED, IN THE DARKENED TWILIGHT OF THE LEAFY SHADE, COLUMN OR MOLDERING WALL.

Then I would sit down to wonder and try and think out of the histories of the past. Who were the people that had left these traces of a former grandeur? Over some carven stone light would spring to my understanding—a light that brought with it a thrill of hope of what the future might hold in store for me.

Then I would return, as night threatened to hide the track, back to my uncle's, to be treated coldly, as I thought, by Lilla, while more than once it

seemed that my uncle gazed upon me in a troubled way.

CHAPTER IX.

TOM SPEAKS HIS MIND.

A COUPLE of months soon glided away—a time of mingled misery and pleasure—

At one time I was light hearted and happy, at another low spirited and depressed; for I could not see that there was the slightest prospect of my hopes ever bearing fruit. I was growing nervous, too, about Garcia; not that I feared him, but his manner now betokened that he bore me ill will of the most intense character.

As for Lilla, the longer I was at the hacienda the more plain it became that she feared him, shuddering at times when he approached—tokens of dislike that made his eyes flash, and for which it was very evident that he blamed me.

But his blame was unjust; he had credited me with having made known the cowardly part he had played on the river; but though my uncle and aunt were ignorant of it, the news reached Lilla's ears, the medium being Tom Gilbert.

Tom had settled down very comfortably at the hacienda, taking to smoking and hanging about the plantation sheds, and doing a little here or there as pleased him, but none the less working very hard; and many a time I had

come across him glistening with perspiration as he tugged at some heavy bale of produce with all his natural energy when all around were sluggishly looking on. He studiously avoided the woods, though, save when he saw me off upon a ramble; and it was one day when I was standing by Lilla's side at an open window, previous to taking a long walk, that our attention was taken up by high words in the yard close at hand.

That Tom was one of the actors was plain enough, for his words came loud, clear, and angry to where we stood; and it was evident that he was taking the part of one of the Indian girls, who was weeping, probably from blows inflicted by one of her countrymen, whose gallantry is not proverbial.

"You red vermin," cried Tom, fiercely; "I'll let you know what's what! We don't strike women in our country! And I tell you what, if you touch her again I'll make that face of yours a prettier color than it is now."

"Pray go and tell my father," whispered Lilla, anxiously. "Quarrels here are very serious sometimes, and end in loss of life."

Crack! There was the sound of a blow, followed by a woman's shriek of pain.

"Why, you cowardly hound!" I heard Tom shout. "You dare hit her, then—you who sneaked off along with your Spanish Don when the boat was upset, and left young Miss Lilla to drown! And then you all go and take the credit, when it was my friend Harry who saved her. Take that, you beggar, and that—and that!"

Tom's words were accompanied by the sounds of heavy blows; and on leaping out of the window I came upon him, squaring away, and delivering no meanly planted blows upon the chests and faces of a couple of Indians, while a woman crouched, trembling and weeping, and writhing with pain, upon the ground.

"That's a settler for you, anyhow!" said Tom, as he sent one of his adversaries staggering back for a few yards, to fall heavily. The other retreated, but both now produced their long and ugly looking knives.

My appearance upon the scene stayed them for a moment.

"Be quiet, Tom! Are you mad?" I said, catching him by the collar, for he was squaring away at the Indians, who were a couple of dozen yards away.

By degrees I got Tom cooled down, and into the house, and on returning I found Lilla standing watching for me at the window, but only to gaze at me with a strange, troubled look, half pain, half pleasure, and before I could speak she had fled.

But her hour had not passed before I came upon her again, speaking anxiously to Tom. They did not see me approach, and as I was close up I was just in time to hear Tom exclaim:

"But he did, Miss Lilla, and stuck to you when all the rest had got ashore—the Don and all."

Lilla gave a faint shriek as I spoke; and then darting at me a look of reproach, she hurried away, leaving me excited and troubled; for she had learned a secret that I had intended should not come to her ears.

"How dare you go chattering about like that?" I cried fiercely to Tom, for I was anxious to have some one to blame.

"I don't care, Harry," he said sulkily. "Miss Lilla asked me, and I told her only the truth. They are a cowardly set, and I'll take any couple of them, one down and t'other come on, with one hand tied behind me."

"We shall have to go, Tom," I said bitterly. "What with your brawl and the mischief you have made, this will be no place for us."

I spoke with gloomy forebodings in my mind, for I could not but think that trouble was to be our lot.

"No one wants to send you away, Harry," said my uncle that evening, when I candidly told him of my gloomy expectations.

"Look about you and see the country; shoot and fish a little, too. I need not say, beware of the caymen—the river swarms with them. See all you can of the place, and then you'll have to try somewhere else, Texas or some other Western State—those are the places for a young fellow like you."

Then, clapping me on the shoulder, my uncle rose and went out.

I followed him at the end of a few minutes; and so as to be alone, I wandered away from the house and heedlessly took one of the paths that led down to the river bank.

It was very hot, and I did not notice it as I walked slowly and thoughtfully on. The sun was kept from beating down upon me by the dense foliage, but there was a steamy heat arising that at another time I should have felt oppressive.

Pushing on through the dense vegetation, I reached a flowery opening across which lay the decaying trunk of a large fallen tree.

The place was a dense thicket all around of bright hued blossoms, with their attendant train of birds and gnat-like insects. Huge trees threw their sheltering arms across, to break up the sun's rays into golden showers, which flicked and danced upon every verdant spot; but what held me there was the sight of Lilla seated upon the fallen trunk, her little straw hat hanging from one lawn covered arm by the knotted strings, and a basket full of overflowing with bright hued flowers fallen at her feet.

I could not move nor speak for a few minutes, and then I was hesitating as to what I should do. In spite of myself a sigh escaped me as I gazed at the graceful form; and then, as I leaned forward it seemed to me that her attitude was unnatural and strained—that she was gazing intently upwards, as if at something a short distance above her head.

I took a step forward—another and another, but she did not move. Following the direction of her gaze, I found her eyes were fixed with a strange fascination at the great bough above her—a huge gnarled and knotted bough, with here and there a tuft of foliage upon it, while its great thick bark was tinted and shady with rich brown and amber mosses, and—

"Good heavens!" I ejaculated, and then I was speechless.

A sense of horror was constricting my heart. I was, as it were, fixed to the ground where I stood, hardly able to breathe, and gazing at the rich marking on the great knotted limb, a strange shuddering vibration passed through it. It was in motion for many feet along its thickest part, and the amber markings glistened; for they were upon the scaly skin of a huge serpent, lying in many a fold and convolution upon the mighty bough.

What did it mean—what was going to happen?

I could not tell; but a deadly sickness came over me—a cold clammy perspiration bedewed my limbs. I could only see as through a mist, but plainly enough I could make out that fold was gliding over that, a horrible leech-like creature, enlaced of gigantic knots. Slowly the reptile's head was thrust forward, with a gentle waving motion, rising from amidst a tuft of leaves. Then, as the gliding of the folds continued, the head descended in a slow, waving, swinging fashion, foot after foot nearer and nearer to Lilla, a forked tongue flashing and playing about the frightful folds, and the hideous eyes fascinating the poor girl, so that I saw her gradually moving toward it.

Slowly, and ever rising and falling, the huge serpent's head was lowered foot after foot of its vast length, while fold after fold was gliding over the bough, and all this while I stood fixed to the earth as in the nightmare of a horrible dream.

As I recall my sensations I see again the horrible swaying head playing gently up and down, nearer and nearer. The sun was glistening on some of the burnished coils, while others were hidden, to have their presence revealed by the quivering of twig and trembling of leaf, as they passed fold over fold.

I could only stand with tottering knees, parted lips, staring eyes, and painfully drawn breath, longing to engage in the unequal fight, or to, at least, make some noise to divert the horrible beast; but my mouth and throat were dry—I could not utter a sound. I was numb, and all activity seemed to have fled to the seat of thought, and in imagination I saw all that was to follow.

And all this time—a time whose duration seemed to me hours—Lilla did not move. At first, while being drawn under the hostile reptile's fascinated gaze, she had gradually leaned toward it, till, fixed of eye, she had stopped perfectly motionless, as inch after inch her intended murderer approached.

I would gladly have closed my eyes, but I could not, any more than I could afford help. And now, unwilling witness that I was, I saw that the moment of extreme horror was approaching. The serpent had drawn its folds to a portion of the branch free from foliage; the coils were bent as if ready for a spring, the head was drawn back, the jaws distended.

I gave utterance to a hoarse cry and sprang forward. The spell that had held me was broken, and the instant Lilla was in my arms, just as I heard a rustle; then there was a rush, and I was dashed violently to the ground.

CHAPTER X. SERPENT AND JAGUAR.

BUT there were no coils round either of us, lashing us in a horrible embrace—no fangs were fixed in my shoulder; but lashing, darting, and whipping itself, as it were, in every direction, beating down tall grass and bushy growth, its horrible eyes flashing with pain and rage, the serpent was close at hand. Its coils were wrapt round a large jaguar, whose teeth and claws were fixed in the thickest part of the reptile, the creature holding on with all its might, while it tore and ripped away at its enemy's body with the great talons of its hinder paws.

There was a fierce, savage, worrying growl, the snapping and rustling of tree and shrub, the lashing about of the serpent's body, as the two terrors of the South American forest continued their struggle.

Now they were half hidden by the undergrowth, whose disturbance only showed the changes in the savage warfare; now they struggled into sight, and it was very evident that the

serpent was being worsted in the encounter. The jaguar had, with the first stroke of its powerfully armed hind paws inflicted terrible wounds, which incapacitated the reptile from using its potent weapon—the crushing power of its folds.

For a few minutes I could hardly believe in our escape from so horrible a peril; but so far, we were undoubtedly safe. At last I saw the huge tail of the serpent rise above the long grass, to vibrate and quiver in the air, twisting as if the horrible beast were in extreme agony; then it disappeared, and I prepared to try and bear Lilla away, for it was plain that the long continued struggle was bringing the combatants back toward where we crouched.

But they only came near enough for me to catch, amidst the rapid evolutions, two or three glimpses of the jaguar's glistening, spotted coat, as he clung, still apparently unharmed, to his long lithe adversary, whose head was darting here, there, everywhere, in search of an avenue for escape.

Then, again, came a series of writhing convulsions, as the serpent twined itself in its agony round the quadruped. Over and over, with the foliage crackling and snapping, they rolled, but ever now farther and farther away, till it was with a feeling of extreme thankfulness that I knelt there, holding the fainting girl in my arms, gazing eagerly in her pale face, and thinking of the fearful fate she had escaped.

The next moment voices were audible. There was the rustling of the foliage, and as Lilla stood pale and leaning heavily upon my arm, my uncle and Garcia came hastily into view.

I have seen some villainous looking creatures in my time, but none of the same aspect than was that of Pablo Garcia, as, disordered with rage, he started on seeing Lilla resting half supported by me. The handsome regularity of his features seemed then to have the effect of making the distortion more striking.

"What has happened?" said my uncle, and there was a frown on his face, too.

Lilla spoke in faint trembling tones: "I was resting after gathering those flowers, when a rustling overhead took my attention, and—ah!—"

She shuddered, turned pale, and covered her face with her hands, quite unable to proceed. My uncle turned to me, and explained what I had seen, in proof of which I turned to the beaten down foliage, upon which lay spots and gouts of blood, which we traced right down to the river's bank, in a dense bed of reeds. There they ceased, and it was not thought advisable to search farther.

"What has got back, my child," said my uncle tenderly to Lilla. "You must come alone in the woods no more."

There was a troubled and meaning tone in my uncle's words, and more than once I caught his eye directed at me. But directly after he moved off towards the hacienda, closely followed by Garcia.

At this juncture Tom came forward with a suggestion.

"It looks as if Don Garcia and your uncle scarcely believe what you told them, Harry," he said.

I only shrugged my shoulders, and Tom went on: "That jaguar is still down there in those tall rushes. What do you say to going up to the house, getting the guns, and then shooting the beast and skinning him, so as to show them that he was not merely an imaginary monster?"

There was something in Tom's project that interested me, and I turned to him with eagerness. Adventure—something to prove that I had been no boaster, something to divert the current of my thoughts; it was the very thing, but I said gloomily the next minute:

"We should be too late, Tom; the beast must have taken to the river."

"All wounded beasts make to the water," Harry said Tom; "but we don't know that we should be too late. What I say is—let's try."

"Come along then," I cried.

We walked up to the hacienda, encountering Garcia on the portal. He bestowed upon us both a sneering grin, and he again issued forth, each carrying a double gun loaded with buckshot.

I don't think we, either of us, stopped to consider whether it was prudent to run the risk before us, with a very problematic chance of success. Hurrying back, regardless of the sun, we soon stood once more by the fallen tree, and began to follow the beaten track left by the contending enemies till we reached the great brake by the river side, when for the first time we turned and looked at each other.

"Oh, it's all right, Harry," said Tom; "and if he's in here we'll soon rouse him out." For it was evident that he had interpreted the doubt that had formed a home in my mind.

"You think it will be here still?" I said.

"Look yonder at those monkeys," replied Tom. "They are not chattering and swinging about there for nothing."

A family of monkeys were aloft, howling and making a deafening din, and I could not help thinking with Tom that it meant the presence of enemies.

"Look out!" I shouted the next minute to Tom; for a huge crocodile that had passed unseen, sleeping amongst the dank herbage, had apparently awakened to the belief that we were trying to cut off its retreat, and was charging down straight at Tom, and myself, to reach the river. It was only by a grand display of activity

that my thought had been learned of the monkeys above us that he avoided the onslaught. The next minute the hideous reptile had disappeared from sight; but we could hear its rustling onward progress, followed by a heavy splash, one or two ominous growls, and increased activity among the monkeys, showing that our ideas with respect to these latter were not without basis.

We stepped slowly on through the dense brake, parting the heavy growth with the barrels of our guns as we trod lightly over the swampy ground, which sent up a hot, stifling, steamy exhalation.

Yard after yard we pressed on, watchful ever; but though the track was plain enough, the elastic water grasses had sprung back so as to thoroughly impede our view, and we knew that at any moment we might be ready to plant our feet upon the wounded monster that we sought.

Twice over little alligators went scuttling from beneath our feet, at the last time drawing forth an ejaculation from Tom, and then we stopped short with our guns at our shoulder; for Tom's utterance was followed by a warning shriek from the monkeys, and then, as that ceased, came a low, fierce, snarling growl from apparently just in front.

"What shall we do?" I thought.

For a moment I felt disposed to try and get round the jaguar, as the only avenue of retreat now was sufficient to bring forth a growl from our invisible enemy. It was very plain that we had tracked the jaguar to his lair, while the box had escaped.

To have retreated would have been to bring an attack down upon us; so after a glance at Tom's eyes, which I made a sign and we took a step in advance.

Only one. We had time for no more, for with a savage yell the jaguar bounded right at Tom from the opening. We just obtained a glimpse of it, and it was like firing at a streak of something brown passing rapidly through the hot fire of the battle, almost simultaneously. The next moment Tom was knocked down and the jaguar had disappeared amongst the reeds we had just passed.

"Are you hurt, Tom?" I cried anxiously, as I stooped to secure his undischarged gun.

"Hurt!" he exclaimed angrily; "of course I am! Just hurt! But I'm not killed, of those great cats. By a you did knock me over, but I'm not hurt! But I'm not hurt, Harry," he said, rising and shaking himself. "Look out!"

At that moment, snarling and lashing its tail from side to side as it showed us its white teeth, the jaguar now crept back, cat-like, on its belly, as if about to spring.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 272.]

Warren Haviland, THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE.

Author of "Who Shall be the Heir?" etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

WARREN sat stunned, and for a moment his courage failed him. A memory of the swamps and forests of Storm

endured there at the hands of McBadé came back to chill his warm blood, and cow his bold spirit. Pale as ashes, he remained silent till a taunting chuckle escaped the imp on the box, and stung him into a frenzy of rage.

"Step up on the front seat, Tim, and screen me from that animal. I'll try to burst the door open," he said, suppressing his agitation with a strong effort. Sloper obeyed, setting his shoulders against the imp's post of espial, to feel a rain of blows instantly descend upon him from the stony fists of the indignant youth. But he kept his place nevertheless, while Warren tried his best to force the doors, and finding all his efforts vain, he smashed out the glass of the one on the driver's side, and stretched his head out to see the unknown one. He drew it in with an expressive gesture.

"It's McDade, sure enough," he said. Then catching an idea of what the imp was about, he signed Tim to move suddenly aside, and drove his fist through the window frame with such strong effect, that it came setting his contact with the gamin's countenance, and produced a grimace even more hideous than its former performances.

All this while the coach continued to rush down the stony declivity at breakneck speed, jolting, creaking, toppling on two wheels one way, and on the other, the other way, until the next; the stones flew up breast high and the noise was deafening.

"Is it no go?" asked Sloper. "Can't we get out anyhow?"

"No, indeed; the very window frames are smaller than usual, and we couldn't creep out if we tried," chafed Warren. "Oh, I'm wretched chagrined to think how we let ourselves be trapped!"

"Hush, Warren, old fellow; keep cool, and let us thank Heaven that we're together," said Tim, soothingly. "You have that bogus note of Mr. Walsingham's in your pocket, haven't you? Give it here, and you'll guard the window while I get my traps on the back of my seat. We can hide it somewhere, so that the lively

stable folks will find it—at least we'll risk the chance."

"You're cool enough, you cucumber," returned Warren with a feeling of relief, for the pale lad's self possession strengthened him to resist the passionate anger which confused his mental faculties and prevented him from contriving any way of escape.

He took his place as screen, forcing the impish spy to withdraw his now damaged countenance from its loop hole, while Tim peered, few lines on the back of the note.

He had just finished explaining how they had been lured from home, when the carriage bumped over the last boulder of the cart road, and rolled smoothly over the level, hard packed sands of the sea beach. Tim tried to see all he could from the window, and dashed down what he saw; namely, a boat pulled up not far off, and two men running from her to meet the carriage. Not daring to delay longer, he concealed the hasty scrawl by tucking it under the fastenings of the linen cushion cover on the under side, hoping that the owner of the vehicle might be in the habit of dusting out the carriage and turning the cushions wrong side up at night, and might thus find the scrap and send it to Mr. Walsingham. He had just finished when the coach halted. Warren sprang to look out, and the imp crowded in through the vacated window.

"Hooray! we've arriv, gents—only see where yer air! Hooray! airn't this bully fun! Yer sold, young 'uns—done brown!" and jumping down, the imp commenced joyously revolving on hands and feet around the carriage, like an animated cart wheel. The driver dropped to the side, hoping that the owner of the vehicle might be in the habit of dusting out the carriage and turning the cushions wrong side up at night, and might thus find the scrap and send it to Mr. Walsingham. He had just finished when the coach halted. Warren sprang to look out, and the imp crowded in through the vacated window.

"Hooray! we've arriv, gents—only see where yer air! Hooray! airn't this bully fun! Yer sold, young 'uns—done brown!" and jumping down, the imp commenced joyously revolving on hands and feet around the carriage, like an animated cart wheel. The driver dropped to the side, hoping that the owner of the vehicle might be in the habit of dusting out the carriage and turning the cushions wrong side up at night, and might thus find the scrap and send it to Mr. Walsingham. He had just finished when the coach halted. Warren sprang to look out, and the imp crowded in through the vacated window.

Sloper had been set upon by two others at the same time, and as he offered no resistance, they made short work of him, and laid him down beside his comrade, bound and gagged in the same manner.

The place was an utter solitude, about five miles from the town, though the boys of course did not know that; but McBadé had taken them two miles beyond Silver Hill.

It was a small cove, surrounded by sand hills, beyond which the country rose to some elevation. A mean little schooner lay securely hidden under the tallest hill, and the moment Warren saw it, he knew it for Burro's smuggling old tub, the *Argentine*.

"Ah! Messieurs Marvin and Sloper," cried a familiar voice, and the Frenchman Fontaine, the same whose lean arms had caught Warren in the middle of his leap from the coach, stooped over the bound and helpless captives, with his hands on his knees, and his narrow, bead black eyes sparkling with the malevolent pleasure of a fiend's.

"Ah! you two clever *garçons*, you play us a smart trick de odare day, now it is our turn, *mes braves!* You rob us of our booty, you trap us like rats, you roll us in de mud, you hood us from de town—you! Ver' good, it is our turn now, and *Argentine!* We will improve on de favors—eh, Messieurs Marvin and Sloper? Eh?" and he loudly snapped his bony fingers in their faces, each in turn.

The scorn in their eyes stung him into sudden fury, and seizing Warren by the collar, and signing Manet, who stood by, to do the same to Sloper, he bent over and seized Warren by the water, snarling in his own patois that they should take their bath at once, why not?

"And if the tide carries them out, all the better, surely," cried he to the ally.

In vain the boys struggled; they were helpless in the cruel hands of their enemies. Clanking for breath, and the water compression at their throats, digging their heels desperately into the sand, writhing in their bones, they were still dragged nearer and yet nearer to the sea line. Once thrown upon the waves their doom was sealed, for the tide was ebbing, and, bound as they were, they must be washed out with it like passive cargo.

"Was this to be their fate?"

A hoarse shout arrested the murderous Frenchmen. They paused, so near each other that the boys could look their despair into each other's eyes.

"Fetch them youngsters back here, Johnny Crapaud," roared McDade. "Here—no monkey tricks, I'll hev ter take 'em in hand."

Muttering oaths, the disappointed ruffians dragged their intended victims back to the boat, and suddenly flung them into it at McDade's command. He had dispatched the urchin to embark with the coach, and was now ready to embark.

"Look a here, you two Frenchies," said he gruffly, "don't you go for to meddle in what's none o' your consarns. Them boys belongs to the boss an' to me, mind that."

The wretches shrugged their shoulders with pretended indifference, but the captives shuddered at the stony gleam of their eyes, which denoted the presence of a lurking danger.

For the present the boys were safe at least

from murder. The boat was shoved off, and five minutes brought it alongside the schooner, which sported a new name on the painted cover plate where the old one had been—namely, the Spunker.

The boys were hoisted up to the deck like two sacks of potatoes. Their bonds and gags were removed, and they found themselves standing before a slim, undersized man in black broadcloth, who eyed them over with a pair of mean, shrewd optics, an impudent smile on his lips—Hawk, in fact, in his own proper person.

"So, so, boss Ahab Hawk, it's you who have dared to 'boles a kidnapping aff?' exclaimed Warren indignantly.

"Oh, you'd best be civil, you officious fool," retorted Hawk. "If you had stopped at home with your mother it would have paid you better in the long run. As for you, Tom Fenwick," he snarled, turning fiercely upon the other boy, "you'll play fast and loose with me no longer. Here, McDade, off with them."

There were three other sailors aboard besides McDade and the Frenchmen. They looked on stolidly while McDade and Fontaine drove the boys to the forward hatch, showed them roughly down the ladder, and banged down the hatch.

The boys stumbled down the grimy steps and found themselves in a foul hole, dimly lit by the bull's eye set in the deck.

They turned and looked each other in the face by their ghastly ray. Warren's was wild with amazement, Sloper's humble, sad and entreating.

"Tom Fenwick!" whispered Warren, when at last he could speak, "tell me, are you my cousin Tom Fenwick, that I have sought so long?"

And the boy hid his shamed face in his trembling hands, faltering:

"Yes, Warren, yes, I was ashamed to let you know me till I had repaired the wrong I did you."

CHAPTER XXXII.

INVESTIGATION AND PURSUIT.

IT was five o'clock before Mr. Walsingham, bruised and shaken as he was by the rough usage he had endured, was able to walk the five miles to Colonsay, and when he reached Mr. Arkwright's office he was completely worn out. Warning was telegraphed all over the town for the police to be on the lookout for the team's return; the various lively stables were visited in search of its owner; and before six o'clock a policeman arrived with the scrap of paper which Tom Fenwick had concealed in the carriage that had conveyed him and Warren to their unknown fate.

Fancy Mr. Walsingham's emotions, when, in the search for the owner of one set of rascals, he stumbled upon another set, whose degradation was so much more distressing than the loss of his gold!

"Dear Sir," wrote Tom, "this forgery will show you what turned us from your house. A street boy brought it. He had a carriage. McDade got in after we had started. They came by a rough cart road to the sea shore, where a boat is waiting for us. It never finds this I beg him to send it to Mr. Walsingham, Silver Hill. It is important."

Mr. Walsingham at once went to see the coach in which this letter was found, and recognized it as the same which had carried him off.

A light then broke upon him. His coachman had been an unusually tall man. The place where the two rogues had left him stunned was within two or three minutes' walk of the sea shore. The pseudo agent Conroy was a small, slim man, as the scoundrel Hawk had been described to be, and his hirsute ornamentation might easily be false. Was it not apparent that both misdeeds had been done by the same pair?

Hawk and McDade had traced the boys to Colonsay, had come South in pursuit, had then heard about Mr. Walsingham's gold and concocted the robbery, grafting it on the abduction, thus killing two birds with one stone!

Returning to the inspector's office, he found the detective, who had brought another item to add to the chain. In his search for clues to the false Conroy's possible whereabouts, he had telegraphed to Macready & Dillon for information, and received their prompt repudiation of Conroy. He had then telegraphed along the line to discover where Mr. Walsingham's message to the San Francisco firm had been intercepted and answered.

He had heard from a small hamlet six miles from town, in fact that very St. Andre, where the boys had seen McDade. The operator there was a young girl, whose office adjoined the railway station. At three o'clock that afternoon, when she was quite alone, a ragged youth had come in pretending to sell fruit. He suddenly sprung upon her and forced her to inhale chloroform until she was unconscious. He had then waited by the instrument until the moment previously agreed upon by Conroy, when Mr. Walsingham's inquiry was to be sent to Macready & Dillon, then he had "tapped the wire," taken off the message, answered it according to orders, and connected the wire again, disappearing before the operator had regained her senses.

The result of the investigation was that, having traced the route by which the boys had been taken to the seashore, and having discovered that a schooner had been seen lurking about the shore all day, it was arranged that pursuit should be made by the police steamer at once. At nine that night all was ready, and Mr. Wal-

singham went aboard with his detective and a force of officers.

The schooner had started at six from the Cove five miles north of the town, and had thus three hours start and five miles advantage of the steamer. The schooner could not sail above seven or eight knots an hour, as the wind was unfavorable and would necessitate considerable tacking, while the steamer, very little affected by the wind, ran twelve knots and almost on a straight course.

Thus, supposing that the Snowflake was twenty five or thirty knots ahead when the Argus commenced the pursuit, it would take the Argus over two hours to cover the distance, during which time the Snowflake might be eighteen knots further on; another hour and a half would fetch the Argus within twelve miles of the fugitive, another hour within eight, and so on; for a stern chase is proverbially a long chase, even when the pursuer has the advantage of speed.

In fact it was between three and four in the morning when the lookout on the police boat, who had constantly watched the horizon through a strong night glass, reported the dirty sail they sought perhaps six miles ahead; and even then they might be mistaken, for they had passed several vessels about the schooner's size and burden, and had been delayed while exacting a satisfactory account of them. Then, as they forgot to enter the schooner's name in their log, given by Warren in the narrative of his history to his friends, began to puzzle the pursuers already.

But as soon as the schooner perceived the steamer, she was observed to alter her course and stand in for the shore; confusion became visible on her decks, the wind swung into their teeth, then came the report of a pistol, and at last Mr. Walsingham, who was gazing his sharpest through a sea glass, uttered a loud cry of exultation.

"Bless the brave boys! By George! I'm proud of them."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TOM FENWICK'S STORY.

THE two cousins, so strangely discovered to each other, had spent the long hours of that night in their nauseous prison, the forehold, enduring discomforts horrid enough to be forgotten as long as they live.

As long as the daylight lasted a little light filtered through the thick and dirty glass of the bull's eye, and although it only served to show them the reeking filth of the hold, which had certainly never been cleaned out since the schooner was launched, they could also see each other's faces, and drink courage from each other's faithful eyes. But when night came and the wretched place swiftly darkened to a pitchy blackness, then horrors thickened about them, and they had need of all the grit in their composition.

For rats came out of their holes on prospecting expeditions, and ran over their feet, and squeaked and scampered, here, there and everywhere, ever growing bolder, till they were nibbling their boots and trying experimental scrambles up their bodies and down again; not ten or twenty only, but hosts—countless hosts, that forced the captives to stand on a spirit cask, their arms wrapped round each other to preserve their precarious balance, while they kicked and stamped continually, and barely kept off the rabid swarms that thirsted for their blood!

The smell of bilge water was frightful, yet the blaggened captives greeted the first wash of a leak across the floor with joy, for the water must surely frighten their living foes into their holes! As the schooner tacked to and fro she shipped salt water, which found its way into the hold, and gurgled across the place, hither and thither, driving the vermin in front of it, till it rose high enough to enter the feet, when the rats deserted the field; and the boys, almost dropping with exhaustion, thankfully sat down on their cask, close together, and let the malodorous waves wash over their feet, then their ankles, and keep on creeping higher every hour.

"This is a frightful predicament for you to be placed in through me, and yet you haven't spoken one bitter word," said Tom mournfully, when the flood was at their knees and they were well nigh suffocating in the stirred up stench.

"And never will, to you, I hope, old fellow," returned Warren, in his hearty way. "Come, Tom, have done grieving over the past; it is past, you know, and the future is before us, and we can be all the better friends for that mistake of yours."

"Yes, that's your generous way of putting it," said Tom, with emotion, "and what a poor cur I should be if I didn't try hard to be worthy of your generosity, and get rid of the faults in my character that have led to this. I'll tell you all about myself now, Warren, if you'll let me, although I had set my heart on forcing Hawk to give up your mother's money before I let you know that I was your Cousin Tom."

"Tell away, Tom, if it will ease your mind, but I don't care now what you may have done before I knew you—it wasn't very wrong, is it? You've been brave and true ever since, and I'll judge you by that."

So there in the noisome darkness, an unknown fate before them, and the unseen waters rising inch by inch, Tom told the story of his temptation and fall.

For some time before his death Mr. Fenwick's affairs had been in confusion through sudden losses; he had borrowed money from Hawk the money lender, and Hawk had swindled him

cruelly. The discovery was a blow under the weary man's neck; he took to his bed, never again to rise. He had secured twenty-five thousand dollars of his money in the beginning of his troubles, and deposited it in a bank, the name of which he kept to himself; this sum he solemnly commanded Tom to forward to Mrs. Haviland directly after his death, explaining her claim to it.

Unfortunately Hawk had found means to overbear the interview with the dying father and his son; he was fraudulently claiming all Mr. Fenwick's property to cover the loans he had made, and hearing of this large sum, he could not resign himself to losing it. As soon as Mr. Fenwick was buried he took possession of the wreck of the property, but kept Tom in his power by persuading him to continue on his father's place as his guest, until he, Hawk, could find some provision for him. Tom was timid and pliant, and stayed with him, against his better judgment.

Hawk immediately spoke about the Haviland loan, pretending that Mr. Fenwick had told him about it long ago, and had forgotten the circumstance. He proposed that instead of returning the money at once to Mrs. Haviland, who was wealthy, and did not need it, Tom should hand it to him "turn over" once or twice, so as to earn a little capital for Tom to begin his fight for bread.

Tom knew that the deed was wrong, and that that would be disobeying his father's dying command if he yielded, and yet, after a brief resistance, he did yield, feeling unable to contend with the persistency of Hawk, and even excusing himself by adopting Hawk's view, that the Havildans were rolling in wealth while he was penniless, and what did he care for the money then, he speculated first with their money before returning it, or returned it at once. He could go on paying the interest as his father had done, and Hawk had promised that the restoration should not be delayed many months.

So he delivered up the pass book which his father had confided so solemnly to his grandnephew, and Hawk went first to the bank for the prize, but to his great indignation the banker demanded a certain time before he could disburse such a large sum, his being but a provincial firm, and Hawk was forced to wait.

Then came the letter announcing Mr. Haviland's death, which Hawk kept to himself. He had learned that the Havildans were poor and money very soon, and made secret preparations to send Tom out of the Havildans' way to his old country and fellow sinner, Burroe in Canada.

Warren arrived unexpectedly, and Hawk must have been in a fine distraction while scheming how to keep the cousins from meeting, and to get the key of the door, and Tom, and poured forth a ready-made romance, to the effect that he had succeeded in drawing out the whole of the money from the bank a few days ago, and had invested it in some wonderful enterprise which was certain to yield fifty per cent in a few months, but here was a lawyer from the Havildans demanding the cash, and there would be a dreadful row if it came out that Tom had speculated with it. So Hawk urged Tom to slip out of the way and keep concealed during these few months, after which he could return the loan and possess a nest egg of his own as well. In fine, he so worked upon the poor boy's weakness and dread of disgrace that he got him to mount his own fast horse and set out for Captain Burroe's.

(To be continued.)

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, for the publication of notices of exchanges of books, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; no exchanges for "offers," but only exchanges of books, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange.

We have in our list a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turns as soon as space permits.

J. W. Wene, Asbury Station, N. J. A book by Ellis, for one by Castlemont.

Charles D. Abbott, Milford, Del. A pair of opera glasses, for rare coins.

Harry Peck, Rising Sun, Ind. A 10 keyed accordion, for a good violin book.

A. W. Ferree, Box 209, Constantine, Mich. A violin, for stamps or bound books.

Sam J. Unger, Wellsboro, Pa. A set of boxing gloves, in good condition, for a press.

Graff Clarke, Princeton, Kan. "The Mill on the Floss," for a book on ventriloquism.

James E. Nash, South Norwalk, Conn. A magic lantern, with slides, for a printing press.

Clive Davis, Bellefonte, Pa. A Challenge bicycle, nearly new, cost \$75, for a piccolo or clarinet.

A. V. Groupe, 515 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. A concertina, a fencing sword, and books, for a violin.

F. Van Der Kar, 878 River St., Troy, N. Y. Two hundred and fifty postmarks, for a small steam engine, with boiler, for a pair of No. 11

G. Orme, 608 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. One thousand tin tags, 410 varieties, for fishing tackle.

H. B. Hall, Dansville, N. Y. A 12 ft. canvas case, nearly new, for a violin, with bow and case, worth \$25.

John C. Moore, 133 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. Stamps, for the same. Correspondence with collectors desired.

B. Summerson, Emletton, Pa. A miniature steam engine, with boiler, for a pair of No. 11

clamp ice skates.

Irving Carpenter, New Market, N. J. A silver watch, valued at \$8, for a set of boxing gloves.

H. Osmun, Box A, Lansdale, Pa. A number of articles, for a large camera and box. Send for list.

George Stroble, La Porte, Ind. Books valued at \$1.50, and 175 different tin tags, for a Waterbury watch in good order.

C. J. Smith, Jr., Glenwood Ave., Baltimore, Md. A 2 1/2 by 4 self inking press, with 5 fonts of type, etc., for an 8 1/2 x 10 camera.

James Trent, Osceola, Ia. A pair of No. 10 1/2 nickel plated lever scales, for a set of 4 boxing gloves or fencing foil.

F. S. Branik, 804 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Two albums, with about 600 stamps, for boxing gloves or athletic goals.

Louis H. Falck, 620 Walnut St., St. Louis, Mo. A pair of skates, and books, for a set of boxing gloves or an iron square.

Edward G. Fey, 457 East Ohio St., Allegheny, Pa. Books valued at \$6.50, for a set of boxing gloves in good condition.

R. V. L. Howard, 326 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa., would like to correspond with stamp collectors, with a view to exchange.

Arthur Kay, 2250 State St., Chicago, Ill. Four thousand tin tags, 500 varieties, for a bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Robert H. Ward, 156 6th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A small speed lathe and a miniature steam engine, for a small slide valve engine.

Robert W. Thompson, 229 West 97th St., New York City. A number of other articles, for a 48 or 50 inch bicycle. Send for list.

P. V. Loth, 14 Barr St., Cincinnati, O. Eleven hundred tin tags, 200 U. S. stamps, for Vol. I, II, III, or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

J. F. Anner, 530 1st St., Louisville, Ky. A photo camera with lens and box, for Vols. I and II, or III and IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

W. A. Arnold, Box 4, Willimantic, Conn. Minerals, 1700 U. S. stamps, and 100 tin tags, for minerals, stamps, or tags not in his collection.

Joe Howard, 1135 Arlington St., Cleveland, O. A violin with bow and case, for a banjo with not less than 13 brackets. Send full description.

Ned P. Keyes, Grand Leeds, Mich. A nickel plated telescope, with 90 views, and books by Alger, Castlemont, and others, for a photo outfit.

B. R. Stoddard, Jr., 307 East 103d St., New York City. A new 8 1/2 x 10 camera, and a book for a microscope, or a set of boys' boxing gloves or foils.

Jos. Leeds, 626 Owen St., Philadelphia, Pa. A truck book, with 2 tricks, valued at \$1.25, stamps, and postmarks, for a telescope, or a pair of boxing gloves.

G. W. Wilcox, 13 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Vol. V of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and 2 books by Castlemont, for Vol. I, II, or III. City offers preferred.

F. W. Schneider, 141 Pennsylvania Ave., Allegheny, Pa. A hand inking press, case 5 by 7 1/2, and 6 fonts of type, for a 2 telegraph keys and sounders in good repair.

Harry J. Lambert, 23 1/2 Tenth St., Hoboken, N. J. Two books by Optic, two by Mayne Reid, and one by Kingston, for the best offer of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Stephen Brewster, 54 Clinton St., East Orange, N. J. "A Voyage to the Gold Coast" and "The Boys in the Forestale," for Nos. 209 to 216 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

John H. Longbottom, 512 Line St., Camden, N. J. Eight hundred and sixty tin tags, 100 varieties, for a pair of No. 10 roller skates, or numbers of MLL'S POPULAR SERIES.

Wallis Sanborn, 604 North 2d St., Rockford, Ill. A photo outfit, or 10 books, or a pair of ice skates valued at \$10, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, III, IV, or V preferred.

A. S. Smith, 268 Bank St., Newark, N. J. A press, with type, ink, roller, etc., for any bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY previous to the fifth, in good condition.

Harry Causey, care Markell Bros., Baltimore, Md. A pair of Herby's nickel plated roller skates, to fit a No. 5 1/2 shoe, for a stamp album, with or without stamps.

W. W. Stevens, 26 King St., New York City. A telegraph key, sounder, battery, and instructions, for a large camera, or other musical instrument, or an electric bell outfit.

Fred Haas, 320 North Lumber St., Allentown, Pa. A file, with instruction book and melodies, and a stamp album with stamps, for long job type. Send sample impressions.

Thomas E. McLeese, Box 2680, New York City. A gold fountain pen, a 4 by 8 hand inking press and roller, and a 2 by 2 1/2 camera and outfit, for a 4 by 5 camera and outfit.

John C. Landi, Middletown, Pa. A 5 by 7 1/2 press, 2250 foreign and U. S. stamps, a typewriter, and a 1 1/2 horse power engine, for an 8 by 12 self inking press and complete outfit.

Harry G. Wolf, Chambersburg, Pa. A 6 by 4 Model press, with 9 fonts of type, 2000 cards, etc., and a Herby camera, for complete outfit, valued at \$60, for a 48 or 50 in. nickel plated bicycle.

C. M. D. Tilley, Mattituck, N. Y. A 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 self inking Excelsior press, valued at \$10, with 8 fonts of type, etc., for a banjo with not less than 15 brackets, and a violin or guitar.

Harry J. Land, 578 Pleasant Ave., New York City. "Life of Napoleon," "The Bear Hunters," "Willis the Pilot," and a book on cricket and lacrosse, for books by Optic or Converse.

Charles Parmelee, 340 Bridge St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A Young America self inking press, with 2 changes, cost \$40, and other articles, all valued at \$12.50, for a camera or a set of boxing gloves of equal value.

Harry Coleman, 13 Harrison St., Syracuse, N. Y. Ice skates and roller skates, a Weedon steam engine, a magic lantern and views, 10 books, rubber type and a bracket saw, for a set of boxing gloves or a saddle.

Charles A. Streffer, 46 West 119th St., New York City. A silver chain, stamps, a font of type, 5 A. books by Alger, etc., and other articles, all valued at \$12.50, for a camera or a set of boxing gloves of equal value.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance.
 Club rate.—For \$2.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.
 Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.
 The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.
 Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.
 Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.
 In ordering back numbers inclose 6 cents for each copy.
 No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.
 FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

JOURNALISTIC RULES IN FRANCE.

The publishers of our daily papers would have a hard time of it if their lot was cast in France, where it appears that it is illegal to make comparisons in circulation between rival sheets. The American proprietors of an English daily published in Paris were sued for \$4,000 damages because they stated in tabulated form that the circulation of their paper was as six against one compared with another printed in the same language and also published in the French capital.

The injured parties did not claim that the statement was erroneous; they merely asked for protection under the existing laws of France which regard this style of advertising as "unfair competition."

A TOUGH CITIZEN.

LOVERS of law and order may be shocked to hear that there is one inhabitant of New York who openly scorns all police regulations, and constantly commits with impunity outrages for which an ordinary citizen would be fined or imprisoned. He has violently assaulted and even mutilated respectable strangers who approach him and offer him the right hand of friendship. He has savagely attacked those who wait upon him and supply his wants. In his ungovernable rage he has attempted to destroy his own dwelling. And yet no policeman has interfered, no grand jury has noticed the occurrences, and no newspaper has clamored for the punishment of the outrageous offender.

This hardened criminal's name and address are—Doctor Crowley, Central Park.

A WORD TO CONTRIBUTORS.

SOMETIMES correspondents, in sending stories to the ARGOSY, will inclose a letter in which they refer the editor to certain prominent men in their town or neighborhood who will vouch for their abilities as writers.

Now it is very pleasant, to be sure, to be possessed of friends who are ready to speak a good word for us, and if we were seeking a position as bookkeeper, clerk or music teacher, such a testimonial would be valuable indeed. But when we send a specimen of our work to a paper or magazine, that is all that is needed. A letter of commendation from the President of the United States himself would not influence the editor's decision, for he has before him that which sets forth of itself our capacity for doing work suitable or otherwise to the periodical to which it is offered.

Shakespeare says, "the play's the thing," and paraphrasing this, we may put the case in a nutshell by adding: "the story's the thing."

FIGURING ON MUSCLE.

VERY familiar is the old story of the boy who groans at the hardness of his lot in being required to go down cellar and bring up a scuttle of coal for his mother, but who never murmurs at the weariness induced by a whole afternoon of running, kicking, jostling, fighting and mauling in a football game. And now comes a Yale professor with facts and figures to emphasize the obvious moral of the comparison.

After making a careful tabulation of the muscular force used up in manual labor and rowing a race respectively, he has discovered that "the rower in a boat race performs work each minute equivalent to the work of seven strong laboring men."

The above showing would seem to indicate that pleasure and toil are not so widely separated

after all. As a matter of fact, sensible people know that the former cannot be properly appreciated unless led up to and won by the latter, but it is significant that devotees of pleasure should find out that all the while they are working harder to obtain it than a laborer does for his wage.

The contemptuous phrase, "All smoke and no fire," is in danger of losing its pointedness. The hitherto despised fumes are now being made to order, so to speak, as an important factor in warfare. They are used as a screen to conceal the approach of attacking squadrons within range of the enemy's works. This is indeed a utilitarian age when even escaping smoke may be turned to profitable account in the atmosphere.

DEBT AND ITS DANGER.

PAY as you go, boys. No matter how earnestly you long for the possession of a gun, a boat, a bicycle or what not, nor how certain you may be that at the end of the week or the month you will have the money to pay for it, do not run in debt.

Lyman Abbott, the man who is filling Henry Ward Beecher's place in Plymouth Pulpit, has this to say on the spending of money before it is earned: "Hope inspires the man who is earning for future expenditure; debt drives the man who is earning for past expenditure; and it makes an immeasurable difference in life, whether one is inspired by hope or driven by debt."

A man—or a boy—in debt is like a swimmer with a stone around his neck. However expert he may be, his onward progress has a continual drag put upon it, that not only hinders him from reaching the goal, but discourages him in his efforts to even keep his head above water.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

"LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE OUT; A Story of the War," by Captain C. B. Ashley, forms the April number of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

It is sure to prove a very popular volume. Captain Ashley, who himself served as United States Scout, draws a graphic and remarkable picture of some of the strangest episodes in the War. The scene is laid in the State of Mississippi, during the stirring days of the Vicksburg campaign; and the author narrates the adventures of a party of Southern boys, of whom Luke Bennett was the leader, who avoided service in the Confederate army by hiding in the great swamps of the lower Mississippi. Here they were joined by Ned Marsh, a young ensign on board the Federal gunboat Decatur, who lost his way while performing a perilous mission in a neighboring bayou. He is picked up and brought to the hide out by an old negro named Sam; and there he is enabled to render valuable service to Luke Bennett and his friends in helping them to resist their numerous enemies, who attack the refugees first with treachery and then with force.

The story grows more intensely exciting as it advances. It is a book which will fascinate the reader, as well as one of considerable historical interest. It is now ready, and can be obtained of any newsdealer, or will be mailed from this office on receipt of the price, 25 cents.

ENTHUSIASTIC EULOGIUMS.

WHEN boys like a thing, they like it as a rule with all their hearts. At least that is our experience so far as their relations to the ARGOSY are concerned, if we may judge from the tenor of the countless letters received, of which we herewith publish a few further specimens:

SCRANTON, PA., March 7, 1888.
 The ARGOSY is the best paper of any kind out. Hip, hip, hurrah for the ARGOSY.

JAMES G. SANDERSON,
 ASSEMBLY CHAMBER, STATE CAPITOL,
 ALBANY, N. Y., March 20, 1888.
 I have been a weekly purchaser of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY for the past year, and can recommend it as one of the best weekly papers for boys and girls. I like the biographical sketches very much, and it contains the best continued stories I have ever read.

HERBERT A. MORGAN,
 Speaker's Messenger,
 KANSAS CITY, MO., March 18, 1888.
 After taking your valuable paper for over a year, I write you a few lines to tell you how highly I appreciate it, more and more every week. It is one of the best and nicest papers I ever read. Indeed, we all like it so much that we could not do without it. My father and mother like it as much as we do. I think "The Lost Gold Mine," "Warren, Haviland," "Under Fire" and "Three Thirty Three" are just splendid.

WILLIAM ROWLAND HILL.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, Author of "Ben Hur" and Late Minister to Turkey.

GENERAL WALLACE, successful as a lawyer, as a soldier, and as a diplomatist, is best known to his countrymen as the author of "Ben Hur." The success of this remarkable book is one of the most interesting incidents in the history of American literature. It has been translated into many foreign languages. Dealing as it does with the life and times of the Savior, it is commended by widely different branches of the Christian church; while even Mussulmen have read with the deepest interest the story of One whom they regard as second only to Mahomet.

General Wallace was born in Brookville, Franklin County, Indiana, on April 10, 1827, and is therefore sixty one years of age. His father, David Wallace, was for some time a member of Congress and was elected Governor of his State by the Whigs in 1837. He was one of a family of ten sons, all remarkable for their splendid physique and high intelligence. His mother was Miss Esther Test, a daughter of Judge Test, one of the most eminent lawyers in Indiana in his day. Mrs. Wallace was celebrated for her beauty and loveliness of character, and her son has immortalized her as Esther, the daughter of Simonides. She died when General Wallace was but ten years of age. His father married again, and the second wife is still living—a woman of great force of mind and character, to whom her step children have always been devotedly attached.

From early boyhood General Wallace persistently refused to go to school, but he compensated for this in his own way by careful and constant reading of the best authors. Even when a lad he was seldom without a book in his pocket, and was in the habit of disappearing into the woods and fields alone, reading or studying the habits of plants, insects, and animals, acquiring a knowledge of woodcraft that he has retained all his life, and returning only when he was driven home by the approach of night. The finish and the scholarship of "The Fair God" and "Ben Hur" testify as to his final acquirements.

At the age of nineteen he enlisted in the army, and served as a lieutenant during the Mexican War. While in Mexico he collected the material for "The Fair God." He returned to Indiana at the close of the war, and married Miss Susan Elston of Crawfordsville, a graceful, witty and talented young girl, with a decided taste for literature; and in her he has found always a congenial and sympathetic helpmeet. They moved to Covington, where General Wallace practiced law, and where their only child, Henry Lane Wallace, was born.

They subsequently returned to Crawfordsville, where Mrs. Wallace's family have always lived. Here General Wallace continued the practice of law, devoting what leisure he could command to literary work and to the drilling of a militia company called "The Montgomery Guard."

He was among the first to volunteer at the breaking out of the war, and was made Adjutant General of Indiana, receiving command of the Eleventh Regiment, which afterwards became famous, and of which the old militia company formed the nucleus. Disciplined soldiers were not numerous in 1861, and the thoroughness with which General Wallace had

performed the onerous duty of drill master is evinced by the fact that every man in the company was afterwards a commissioned officer.

At the close of the war, General Wallace preceded over the commission before whom the assassins of President Lincoln were tried. He was made Governor of New Mexico by President Hayes, and it was there, in the old palace of the Pueblos in Santa Fé, that much of "Ben Hur," upon which he was engaged irregularly for seven years, was written. His administration in New Mexico is yet remembered, and was characterized by a stern and just enforcement of the law, a triumphant contest with the spirit of outlawry that prevailed in the territory at that time.

He was appointed Minister to Turkey by President Garfield, who paid a graceful tribute to his talent by writing "Ben Hur" across one corner of his commission. The book is supposed to have been the last that Mr. Garfield ever read, and its author received from him, shortly before he was shot, a letter of thanks and appreciation.

As a diplomatist General Wallace was brilliantly successful and reflected great credit upon his country. He was admitted to the intimate friendship of the Sultan, having access to the palace informally and at all times. The Sultan even

asked permission to request his retention in office from President Cleveland, a request that probably would have been granted. When this was declined, the Turkish monarch offered him any diplomatic position he would accept, or high rank in the army if he would remain in Turkey.

Since his return, in 1884, General Wallace has lectured extensively on Turkey in the United States and in Canada, but within the past few months he has been at home working upon a new book which will be completed within the year. He writes slowly, and revises many times, until his exacting taste is satisfied. When the manuscript finally goes to the printer it is as legible and as free from blot and erasure as a printed page.

General Wallace is a man of remarkable versatility. He has been a lawyer, a politician, a soldier, and a diplomat, and has distinguished himself in each profession. He is something of a musician, as well as an artist of much ability, frequently illustrating his own sketches and those of his wife. While practicing law he was in the habit of sketching during the progress of a case, and many of his legal associates have in their possession clever portraits of their fellow lawyers.

The general was strikingly handsome in his youth. His eyes are still dark and keen, his hair and beard mixed with gray, but the features are strong and regular. He is of medium height and somewhat stout. His bearing is exceedingly dignified, and his manners are those of a refined and polished man of the world. While he is rather reserved toward casual acquaintances, his friends know him to be one of the most genial and kindly of men.

He still lives in Crawfordsville, within sight of the old homestead where, his wife was born. The house, a plain, unpretentious frame structure with wide verandas, stands back some distance from the street, the parlor and library windows looking out upon a broad, sloping lawn. A group of fine old beeches, whose unpruned boughs sweep nearly to the ground, cluster about it to the north, and here, in pleasant weather, the general sits much of the time, smoking, reading or talking as brilliantly as he writes.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE.

From a photograph by Sarony.

THE SPRING.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I COME! I come! Ve have called me long
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
You may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
I have look'd on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung o'er his tassels forth,
And the fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pasture free:
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

[This story commenced in No. 278.]

THE
Casket of Diamonds;

OR,
HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XV.

A VACATION OF TWO WEEKS.

THE two officers in the store smoked their pipes near the rear door, the smoke passing out at the window the burglars had left open, and Rowly was not disturbed in his investigation of the diamond mystery.

He had so much confidence in the evidence afforded by the comparison that he felt morally sure that Silky had stolen the box containing the casket. Though his theory that Rush Sinnerton had been the thief was upset by this evidence, he could not resist the conclusion forced upon him, and he clung to the newly discovered facts rather than to his previous theory, unlike many seekers after the truth.

He began to yawn and gape, in spite of the mighty discovery he had made, and he walked the floor to rouse himself. The conversation between Rush and Gunnywood, or Silky, whatever his name might be, crowded itself into his mind. The former denied that he had taken the diamonds, while the latter insisted that he had done so. It looked as though the burglar meant to save himself, if he could, at the expense of his friend.

At the usual hour the clerks and porters came to the store. Mr. Van Zandt appeared earlier than usual. Rowly had hardly finished relating to the latter the incidents of the night before Mr. Brilliant came, and he was obliged to go over it all again.

An unsuccessful effort was made to rouse Amlock to his senses, but his stupefied condition was abundant evidence of the truth of the junior clerk's statement. The officers had gone when the clerks came, but the hole in the safe door and the open window in the rear sufficiently revealed what had been going on in the store during the night.

"Should you know either of the burglars again if you saw them?" asked Mr. Brilliant.

"I am sure I should know both of them," replied Rowly; and he was on the point of saying where he could find one of them when the evidence he had obtained from the boots checked his utterance, though he could not have explained why he was silent.

It was nine o'clock before the investigation was completed, for a couple of police detectives had put in an appearance; but they could discover nothing which afforded them any clue to the perpetrators of the break.

The lady who came to the store was Mr. Van Zandt's sister, you say, Rowly," said Mr. Brilliant.

"She said she was his sister," added the clerk.

"I have no sister," interposed the junior partner.

"The officers who came here in the night said they thought she was the wife of one of the burglars; and her story about the assault upon her was invented to get Mr. Amlock out of the store."

"Mr. Amlock made the greatest blunder of his lifetime," continued the senior partner.

Rowly thought so, too, but he was prudent enough to make no remark.

"Young man, it is plain enough that you have saved the store from plunder; and you have conducted yourself with courage and discretion. If you do not object, Van Zandt, we will double his wages from the first day of this month, and give him ten dollars a week," the senior partner proceeded.

"I heartily approve this action," replied the junior, who was not in the habit of disagreeing with his superior in the firm.

"I thank you very much, Mr. Brilliant," answered Rowly, with his heart in his mouth. "I tried to do my duty, and did not think at all of my wages. You are very kind to me, and I feel that I don't deserve what you have done."

"All that, and more too; and if you continue to do as well as you have done in the past, we shall advance you as rapidly as we can. But you have been up all night, and your eyes look very heavy. You had better go home now, and sleep off your fatigue. If there is anything we can do for you, don't hesitate to mention it."

This investigation recalled what Rowly had been thinking about before the partners came;

"I don't know just where I shall go," replied the clerk, who was fully determined to keep his affairs to himself.

"Wherever you go, you will want some money to pay your bills. Give him a hundred dollars, Van Zandt," continued Mr. Brilliant, rubbing his hands as though he felt that he was doing about the right thing by his faithful employee.

"I don't ask for any money, sir," added the modest clerk.

"No matter whether you ask for it or not; you can't enjoy your vacation without money. I hope you will have a good time; and when you come back, I may want to make you chief watchman to the establishment, for I think you have a decided talent for dealing with rogues."

"I am very grateful to you for your kindness, sir; and I shall always do my best to deserve all you have done for me," said Rowly, who had never seen a happier moment, exhausted and sleepy as he was.

Mr. Van Zandt opened the safe, and took a hundred dollars from it. Rowly, who had never

"I am not afraid of them," replied Rowly, as he drew the elegant revolver belonging to Silky, which he had taken from the drawer at the store, from his hip pocket. "I think I can take care of myself with this thing within reach of my hand."

"But you must be very careful," pleaded the frightened mother. "Promise me that you will not run any risks."

"I will promise not to take any risk if I can help it," replied Rowly, as he went to his room.

In two minutes more he was sound asleep, and did not wake till one o'clock, when his mother called him, as he had requested her to do; and though he had slept but three hours, he felt as fresh as though he had had a full night's rest.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN INTERVIEW IN CENTRAL PARK.

IN spite of the tremendous mission he had imposed upon himself, Rowly was as cool and self-possessed as though nothing had occurred to disturb the ordinary current of his existence. He finished his dinner as though he was to return to the store as usual. He had given the money to his mother, though he told her that he should have occasion to use some of it in the work before him.

He left his home with the earnest adjurations of his mother to be very prudent, which he promised to observe, and hastened to the house of Mrs. Everton. But he had not walked half the distance before his attention was attracted by a lady he saw getting into a street car. He was confident it was the woman who had passed herself off as Miss Van Zandt, though she had changed her dress, and wore a different bonnet.

Forgetting all about "Aunt Myra," as he called her, and Captain Ringboom, whom he expected to find at the house, as the captain had taken a room there, he rushed to the car, and got on the platform.

His first care was to scrutinize the lady more attentively than he had been able to do before. She was a beautiful woman, beyond the possibility of cavil, and all the gentlemen on the opposite side of the car cast frequent glances at her, though they did not seem to disturb the serenity of her countenance. She was richly dressed, and one might have easily mistaken her for one of "the first families" of the metropolis.

Rowly kept his place on the rear platform of the car, and soon completed his examination of the lady, though he was careful not to stare at her, and not to let her see his face.

Beyond the possibility of a doubt, she was "Miss Van Zandt" of the night before, and the officers believed she was the wife of the notorious burglar Kidd Ashbank, otherwise known as Blook.

When the car stopped in front of Central Park, the lady got out, and went in enclosure at the principal entrance on that side.

Mrs. Ashbank, if Ashbank was the right name of Blook's, whose wife she was, took one of the side avenue of the park which was little frequented, and walked till she came to one of the most retired places she could find.

Rowly was satisfied that she was not doing all for the sake of the walk, pleasant as the day and beautiful as the park were in the months of spring, and he determined not to lose sight of her. But it was early in the afternoon, and it was not easy, when so few people were there, to avoid being observed, though Rowly took a parallel path to the one chosen by the lady.

He kept at a considerable distance from her, but he did not lose sight of her for more than a minute at a time, in the shade of the foliage.

When she reached a sort of wooded dell, where it was difficult for the observer to keep her in sight, he discovered a well-dressed gentleman approaching her. She turned toward him as soon as she saw the newcomer; and they soon came together, and seated themselves on a rustic bench, after both of them had looked all about them, as if afraid of an interruption.

Rowly had placed himself behind a bush of dense foliage where he could see without being seen; but he might as well have been down on the Battery, so far as hearing anything that was said. Nor had he been able to see the face of the gentleman, though the form was that of Blook's, rather short and somewhat stout.

By a series of gradual approaches, he placed himself nearer to the couple on the rustic bench; and as there was no other person in sight, he



ROWLY GRADUALLY APPROACHED THE TWO WHO WERE SEATED UPON THE BENCH.

had so much money of his own in his possession before, felt like a rich man. This large sum would enable him to prosecute the investigation of which he had been thinking all the morning, and he felt just as though he had embarked in a new undertaking.

Doing up Silky's boots in a bundle, he left the store, with the best wishes of the partners for the enjoyment of his vacation.

The exhilaration of the hour almost made a new being of him, and he forgot that he had been up all night, though his hollow eyes revealed his condition to his mother as soon as he came into her presence.

"Where have you been, Rowly? I have been worried about you, for you always come home before eight o'clock to your breakfast," said Mrs. Parkway, after she had carefully scrutinized the appearance of her son.

"I have been busy at the store, for we had a circus there last night," replied Rowly, as he seated himself at the waiting table.

He and his mother were devotedly attached to each other. Neither had any secrets from the other, and he told her all that had happened since he left the house the night before; as well as about the money he had received, and the vacation which had been granted to him.

"But what are you going to do now?" she asked, when he had finished his breakfast.

"I am going to sleep now, for I think Mr. Silky and the other fellow have done the same thing before this time," replied Rowly, who could hardly keep his eyes open after the hearty meal he had taken. "I shall be awake and ready for them when they begin to move."

"I am afraid you will get hurt if you try to deal with such characters as those burglars," added his mother anxiously.

that he wished he had time to investigate the diamond robbery and the burglary, both of which appeared to have been committed by the same operators; at least one of them had a hand in both transactions.

"There is one thing I should like to ask as a great favor," said Rowly, with no little embarrassment, for he hardly liked to ask for the favor he had in his mind.

"Don't be bashful, my lad," added Mr. Brilliant, with an encouraging smile. "I am confident you have saved a vast amount of our property, and you have a right to ask anything of us."

"Perhaps it is a bad time to ask for it, but I should like a vacation of a week or two," stammered Rowly, almost overwhelmed by the kindness of his employers.

"Granted, Rowly!" exclaimed the senior partner, with a laugh. "That is not much to ask for one who has done as much for us as you have. Take a month if you wish, though the store may be cleaned out by robbers in your absence. Are you going into the country?"

dropped on the ground, and began to crawl, like a snake in the grass, towards the sea, while Rowly soon obtained a position near enough to obtain a fair view of the gentleman's face and part of his form. The man was well dressed, and everything about him, including his whiskers and mustache, was nicely adjusted.

He rose from his place, and looked along the path by which the lady had come, as though he heard footsteps; and then Rowly saw that it was Blook, though he had greatly changed his appearance since the night before. Dropping on the ground again, the young clerk continued to "snake it" to a better position, which he soon secured.

"I tell you it was a failure, Maggy, and we got nothing at all," said Blook, evidently alluding to the break of the night before. "It is impossible for us to leave New York, for want of money."

"I don't see how you could have failed to do the job, for there was nobody but a boy in your way, for I am sure the man I cared for could not have done anything," added the lady.

It looked to the listener as though the couple had met for the first time since the attempt to commit the robbery, and that Blook had been telling his confederate of the ill success of the venture, which they were now discussing more in detail.

"The man did not come back till after the officers had taken possession of the store; and we were lucky to get off as we did," added the man.

"But you say you tied the boy, hand and foot."

"We did; and how he got loose, it puzzled me to find out; but he did so, and must have touched the button of the electric bell at the precinct office," Blook explained. "But we lost the game, and it doesn't matter much how it was done."

"Have you seen Gunny since?" asked the lady.

"He has not; I went to his room at the risk of my safety, but he was not there, and it did not look as though he had been there."

"I am vexed at your failure, for I have spent the last dollar I had, and had hardly change enough to pay my car fare," said the lady, very sorrowfully.

"I am not in much better condition myself, though I can give you a few dollars," added Blook, in whose tones there was abundant sympathy. "We can't go to Europe this month; and we have nothing to dispose of if we do."

"I cannot even pay my board," continued the lady.

"You must not be so extravagant, Maggy," said Blook. "Sometimes you are rich, and sometimes you are poor, so that I don't know how to regulate my expenses, though I live just as you wish."

"I am not blaming you, Maggy; but something must be done at once to replenish our purses," replied the burglar. "I am afraid Gunny is playing me false, for he said he was going in the morning, whether he gets anything last night or not. He acts rather strangely."

"What makes you think he is false to you?" asked Maggy, with interest.

"Perhaps he is not exactly false; but he is up to something I do not understand. Though he will not explain, I feel sure that he has money, or something that will bring money. He thought also that we had better separate after last night's break."

"You think he has engaged in some operation without your knowledge, do you, Kidd?" asked the wife.

"I can't explain his conduct in any other way. We agreed to divide all we got, whether we worked together or not. Now, I can't find him, though I have been looking for him all day."

"I cannot believe that Gunny is a traitor to you, Kidd."

"I hope not, but it looks that way."

The conference did not seem to amount to anything, as between the couple, though Rowly felt that he was the wiser for what he had heard, especially in relation to Silky, who intended to go to Europe. Perhaps that intelligent worthy intended to dispose of two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the other side of the ocean, and live in Paris on the proceeds.

Kidd and his wife rose from the seat, and after some conversation which the anxious listener could not hear, they parted, and each went the way he had come.

Kidd Ashbank evidently did not wish to connect his wife with himself publicly, possibly to the entrance, taking one of the avenues down town, with Rowly on the other side of the street.

The volunteer "shadow" was determined not to lose sight of the burglar and not to postpone decided action a moment longer than was necessary.

By great good fortune, Rowly discovered two policemen together near the Grand Central

Station, and he immediately introduced himself to them.

"An attempt was made last night to rob the store of Brilliant & Co., in Broadway," said he, opening the subject at once to the officers. "That well dressed man on the other side of the street is one of the burglars."

"How do you know?" demanded the policeman to whom he addressed the information. "I am a clerk in the store; I was on watch last night, and I saw him," replied Rowly, confidently, as he moved on so as not to lose sight of his intended victim.

"Here! Stop a minute, and tell us about it," called the man addressed, as he followed Rowly. "I don't mean to stop and lose sight of the fellow," replied the young shadow.

"We are not going to arrest a gentlemanly looking person like the one you point out on the mere statement of a boy," said the speaking officer.

"All right; but I shall not take my eye off him, and if you find me following him to the end of the world," replied Rowly, resolutely.

"You say you are a clerk in the store of Brilliant & Co.?" continued the officer, keeping in the side of Rowly.

"I am; and I was one of the two who were on watch last night. I used the electric wire, and when it came, and I saw that the store was not robbed," replied the shadow, with his eyes still fixed on Blook.

"I heard about the attempt to rob the store; and they say that Kidd Ashbank was the cracksmen that did it," said the policeman, apparently more impressed than he had been with the statement of his informant.

"And that fellow that looks like a gentleman ahead of us, on the other side of the street, is Kidd Ashbank," persisted Rowly.

"It is said that his wife had a hand in the robbery," added the officer.

"She deceived Mr. Amlock, who was on watch with me, and got him to stand with her, somehow. I don't know where and when he was out of the way, Kidd and Silky went into the store through a back window."

"That's just the way I heard it, and I reckon you are telling the truth, young man," replied the officer, with a searching glance into the face of Rowly.

"I know I am just as well as I know I am alive," protested he, suddenly breaking into a run as he saw Kidd turn into a cross street.

Both of the officers followed him, for the second one had kept close behind the other, and the affair was at best beginning to look more real to them.

Rowly reached the corner of the cross street first, but only to find that his intended victim had disappeared in some mysterious way.

It was possible that he had a room in this street, and had entered the house in which it was located; but it was impossible to tell which one it was. The volunteer shadow, however, felt that he had done better than the officers at the store the night before. But he resolved to stay in that locality till Kidd came out, if he remained there a week.

"I am afraid you have lost your man, sonny," said the policeman who had done all the talking.

"If I have it was only because you did not do your duty when you told me to go when my fellow was," replied Rowly, sharply, for he felt indignant as well as disconcerted at the result of the chase.

"I don't arrest any good looking man when a boy tells me he is a cracksmen; and that wouldn't do," replied the officer, who appeared to be quite as much annoyed at his companion, and perhaps felt that he had been remiss in the discharge of his duty. "But we won't give him up yet. He can't be a great way off; and perhaps he rooms in one of these houses. We will look about here."

The trio did look at all the dwelling houses in the neighborhood, but they could see nothing to indicate the presence of the burglar.

At the corner, with the entrance on the cross street, was a liquor saloon, and it occurred to Rowly to look into it, though he had never entered such a place in his life. There was a kind of screen at the end of the bar, which shielded the drinkers from the observation of passers by in the street; and as soon as the young shadow reached a point where he could see the space at the front of the bar, he discovered Blook, in the act of swallowing a decoction which it must have taken some time to prepare, or perhaps he had been obliged to wait for the bar keeper, for there were several persons in the saloon, and Blook retreated as soon as he saw his man, and returned to the street, where he beckoned to the two officers, who could not help seeing from the kindling looks of the young man that he had found what he was looking for.

"I am satisfied now; and we had better take him in this saloon, and keep out of a crowd," called the leading officer. "Just have your wristers ready, Barnagin, for these fellows are not young kittens."

"I have them within reach, Flint, and two of us ought not to have any trouble with any single fellow," replied the other.

Rowly looked upon Blook as a desperate character, for he had everything to lose and nothing to gain if arrested.

The burglar had swallowed his potion, paid for it, and was on the way out of the saloon when he encountered Rowly and the officers as they approached the screen.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," Flint began, in an apologetic tone, "but we have a little business with you."

"Business with me? What is it, if you

please, for I am in somewhat of a hurry," replied Blook, seemingly not at all disconcerted by the words of the policeman.

"I am sorry to do it, but I shall be obliged to arrest you, and ask you to go to the precinct office with me," continued Flint, as politely as the occasion required, for it was still possible that there was some mistake concerning the identity of the man.

"Arrest me!" exclaimed the immaculate Blook. "You don't know me."

"On the contrary, I think we do; and that is where the trouble comes in," added Flint, rather jocosely.

"May I be allowed to ask on what charge you propose to arrest me?" demanded Blook, as though he regarded the whole affair as a joke or a blunder.

"On the charge of breaking and entering the store of Brilliant & Co. last night," replied Flint bluntly.

"There is some mistake; you have got hold of the wrong person about this business, than I

"That will have to be proven on further examination; and if you don't object, we will slip a pair of bracelets on your wrists, just for ornament, you know."

"But I do object! I would rather die than be dragged through the streets in irons!" protested the prisoner, about this business, than I

"We won't drag you if you don't make a fuss; and no one can see the bracelets under your coat sleeves."

"But this is all a mistake."

"It may be that it is; and that is what we want to find out. Here is the principal witness, and the wrong person about this business, than I

"Are you positive this is your man, sonny?"

"I am positively sure of it; and I can swear to him in any court in the city," replied Rowly confidently.

"I never saw that boy before in my life. But I will go with you if you will let me write a note to my wife, said Blook."

"Don't let him do it!" protested Rowly earnestly. "His wife is one of them, and had a hand in the business."

"No notes to anybody," replied Flint.

At that moment, Blook made a rush at Barnagin, upset him, and bolted for the door, though Flint succeeded in getting hold of the skirt of his coat.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

OR,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to Whitecap," "The Denford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A POSSIBLE CLEW.

ARTHUR afterwards declared that the scene in that parlour following Miss Bessie's sensational announcement would have made a first class tableau.

Allan gazed as white as the snow outside, and put one hand on his chum's shoulder as if for support, while the stare with which Mabel and Floy's gaze was fixed on him seemed to paralyze his reasoning nature. As for the latter, so absolutely astonished by the turn affairs had taken, that he stood stock still, with his hand on Reggie's shoulder, where he had placed it in ratification of the suggestion that they should share his apartment.

Matter of fact Floy was the first to find voice.

"What do you mean, Bessie?" she said. "How do you know that one of these young men wants to keep back his true name?"

"Because I heard him whisper to his friend to remember that it was Ford now," replied Bessie, who looked as if she would like to faint, but didn't know how.

"We'll go away; it's best we should. Come, Arthur," and Allan put his arm through that of his chum.

"Wait one minute, Al," retorted the latter. "Let us do ourselves the simple justice to explain first what you meant by your remark."

"Yes, will you do me please, Art?"

"Ladies, have I your permission?" began Arthur, glancing around the group of agitated girls.

Mabel gasped out a faint "Go on," and sank to a seat on the sofa behind her. But Floy still remained rigidly erect, with her keen eyes wandering swiftly from one to the other of the crowd.

"If you gentlemen whom her cousin Bessie seemed determined to convert into the two thieves of 'Erminie,'

"If any of you have read the New York papers of the past two days," went on Arthur, feeling as if he was stabbing his chum with every word, "you would have seen allusions to the arrest of Mr. Howard Trent, a well known broker living in Brooklyn. The charge was forgery, committed some twenty years ago, for which he was then arrested and convicted on merely circumstantial evidence. He escaped from prison, and has ever since lived under the name of Howard Trent, his real one being Bertrand Ford. My friend here, his son, who insists on taking up his father's own name. We have come to Tenbrook Falls in search of a man

from whom I fully believe we can obtain the proof that will show Mr. Trent to have been innocent of the crime with which he was charged."

"At this point one of the girls, whose face had lighted up at the mention of the name Trent, eagerly exclaimed:

"Why, Mabel, do you remember Dora wrote me all about it—how it happened there in the gymnasium during the exhibition?"

"Dora?" cried Arthur. "You don't mean Dora Grange?"

"Yes, I do; she's my best friend."

"Well, I know her, too," responded Arthur, adding, with some little show of embarrassment,

"Did she ever—that is, she never happened to mention a fellow by the name of Seymour, Arthur Seymour, in any of her letters, did she?"

"Oh, yes. She met him the first night she went to the gymnasium, and he was the one who explained all about the different acts. He was the last friend of the club, Allan Trent. Why—I see now—you," turning to our hero, "you must be—"

"That self same champion," finished Arthur, for her, "while in me you behold the aforesaid Arthur Seymour, his devoted chum."

Upon hearing this the young lady who had been the great friend of the club, and who was a very pretty girl, with rosy cheeks and an elegant carriage, came forward and put out her hand to Seymour, saying she was very glad to meet a friend of 'her Dora's.' In brief, this discovery of a mutual friend effectually dissipated all suspicion as to the character of the two young gentlemen present, and Miss Bessie grew very red as she realized to what an extent she had "put her foot in it."

Arthur was especially pleased to find how cordial they all were to Allan, as if seeking thus to mutely assure him that so far as they were concerned, the sins of the father (if such there were) should not be visited upon their children.

"Won't you teach me how to skin that cat tomorrow?" Reggie sidled up to him to whisper, but the rest overheard, and amid a general burst of merriment that broke the last cake of ice, the whole party filed out into the dining room for coffee, doughnuts, apples and nuts.

Half an hour later the young ladies adjourned up stairs, leaving Reggie to pilot the guests to their room after doors and windows had been barred and the lights put out.

They had been introduced to this apartment, the important question of who was to occupy the lounge had been decided by lot, falling to Arthur, and all three of them, as a matter of them supposed—were on the verge of the kingdom of dreams, when Reggie's treble broke the silence with "Say, what kind of a man is that you're up here looking for?"

"Hello, I thought you were asleep long ago, young man," Arthur muttered. "You ought to be in bed away. We'll tell you all about it in the morning."

"But I've just thought of it now," persisted the boy, "and I want to know. I was thinking how funny it would be if it should turn out to be the fellow that is going to marry Mrs. Benderman's daughter."

"Or the man of the moon. It is about as likely. But what makes you think it may be the man that's going to marry Mrs. Benderman's daughter, whoever she is?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that he's the only man in the place that I've heard of that came from anywhere else. Tad Benderman was telling me about this afternoon when we went coasting together."

"What did he tell you, Reggie?" inquired Allan, rousing himself to put the query with scarcely suppressed excitement.

"Oh, it's quite 'morantic,' as the girls say," began Reggie, stretching himself out to a comfortable position, and then clasped his arms about his head. He was enjoying it immensely, this privilege of chatting with his brother man at midnight when he ought to have been asleep.

"You see she's been engaged to him for over twenty years. At least she always stuck to it that she was, though lots of people told her he was dead. He went out West, you know, to hunt for gold mines, and only came back yesterday."

"Yesterday!" exclaimed both Arthur and Allan in a breath.

"Yes; that's what made Tad talk about it so much," went on Reggie. "He said Polly—that is, his sister—fainted right over the sewing machine where she was working, and the needle nearly went through her nose. I didn't like to laugh when he was telling me about it, but it was funny all the same. And the wedding's going to be next Saturday, and we're all going."

"What's the fellow's name, Reggie?" asked Arthur, who was by this time broad awake, his detective faculties all on the alert.

"Tad didn't tell me that. Why, do you really think it's the man you're after?"

"I hope not for Miss Polly's sake, and I hope so most decidedly for our own. His having been away for twenty years, and out West, too, smacks Heavenish, eh, Al?"

"Very much so. Did this Tad tell you anything about his looks, Reggie?"

"No; he talked most about how rich he was. They're going to Europe as soon as they're married. Only think of it! And Polly has been taking in sewing for a living!"

"Do you think that tallies, Art?"

"Perfectly. The stolen bonds, you know."

"Oh, did this man ever get after stealing something, too?" exclaimed the quick witted Reg-

FEEDING THE DOVES.

Coo, coo, my pretty doves, fly lightly here!
See, snowy rice and golden grain I spill!
Come wheeling through the wide air far and near.
Come from the gray old tower and take your fill;
Swell your soft breasts and curve each graceful
neck
With rainbows spanned, and ruffle all your plumes
So dainty, fine, and clear, without a speck,
Lustrous as changing silk from Lyons looms.
Susetite is calling—there is naught to fear!
Coo, coo, my pretty doves, fly lightly here!

Harry's Defaulter.

BY CHARLES H. WILLARD.

"ELL, well," said Mr. Heath, laying down his newspaper and turning to his wife. "I shan't never know where to put my surplus if this keeps on. Here's Dan Phillips decamped with \$40,000. And he an old friend of mine. Well, well, the world grows more civilized every day."

"Let's see, father," cried Harry, the sole son and heir of the aforesaid gentleman, a sturdy young fellow of fourteen years, and not one of them wasted. "Where does the paper say he has gone? Canada?"

"H'm. Yes—no, no—Australia. Confound it, Jane, he was a fine fellow, a fine fellow, before he got into that bank. He got to leading too fast a life. Too bad."

Harry, seeing that his father was in no mood for talking or explaining matters, quietly waited, until the paper was laid aside, when he snatched it eagerly and bore it off in triumph to his room.

His brain was soon crammed with the figures and details of the defalcation. As he read how much respected Phillips had been of the L— Bank, of one suspicion whatever, and of the beautiful estate he had sacrificed by his dishonesty, a queer idea crept into and remained uppermost in his mind.

What if Mr. Brooks, the old president of the L— Bank, should prove dishonest? Harry's father would be ruined, as would also scores of other citizens.

And he looks as if he would do that sort of thing without any twinges of conscience," said Harry, soliloquizing. "That cold gray eye of his makes everybody that looks at him shiver. And he's mean enough, too. Had the police stop our coasting and skating on the pond."

The paper was laid aside at last, and Harry prepared for a night's rest, but the defalcation of Phillips remained in his thoughts, and even crept into his dreams. The more he thought about it, the more he became convinced that old Brooks, as he irreverently termed him, was preparing to take a journey to the Canadian frontier, with the bank funds. If not, Harry reasoned, his looks and acts belied him.

If there were any truth in his suspicions, and he could only manage to thwart the plans of the dishonest official, what a hero he would seem to his schoolmates, and how much glory he might win for himself!

It was very pleasant to lie there and build castles, and Harry was not a tyro at that business. He was much given to reading, and that style of literature represented by "Cross-eyed Crompton, the Iron Fisted Detective," was by no means unknown to him.

One of his favorite ambitions was to leap into a roomful of desperadoes, and in a "cool but commanding tone," summon them to surrender.

These things rather tended to heighten his castle building, that othered whole acres and square miles of territory were covered with foundations of high and mighty structures.

He did not say a word to his father about his suspicions. He rightly judged that his idea would meet with little favor, as Mr. Brooks was a firm friend of the Heaths.

The next morning brought no change in his opinion, and all his extra time that day was spent in hanging around the bank and watching the president every time he entered or left it. He prided himself on the mastery way in which he followed that gentleman, flattering himself that he had eluded observation. He would have been somewhat taken down could he have heard one of the clerks remark to another:

"I wonder why young Heath follows old Brooks everywhere? I shouldn't have supposed the old gent was so fascinating."

But for all his shadowing and tracking and various other cunning devices, Harry could find nothing which in the slightest degree justified any of his suspicions until the third day. He had hurried to the bank directly after the close of school, and was leaning against the iron hitching post in front of the stoop. The president's horse, harnessed to a light and stylish buggy, was tied to the post.

As Harry stood admiring the steed, its owner rushed down the bank steps and sprang into the carriage. He cast a quick, nervous look at Harry, and then recognizing him, called out:

"Here, Harry, come here. I have a message for you to deliver to your father. Tell him that I am quite unexpectedly called away north—that he had better not invest anything in my absence, which may last three or four days, and perhaps more. Give him my regards—and hurry home as fast as you can—to save him the trouble of calling."

Mr. Brooks, besides holding the office of president of the bank, was also the principal lawyer in the town of L—, and Mr. Heath's advisor.

Harry, immediately on Mr. Brooks's turning

screwed up?" asked Fred, as they swapped jackets.

"Stop your noise," muttered Harry. "It's a disguise. Would you know me now?" combing his hair down over his eyes, shutting one of those organs, and twisting the corner of his mouth nearly up to the adjacent ear. "Would you know me now?"

"Know you?" and his friend laughed derisively, while Harry hurried back to the waiting room just in time to hear Mr. Brooks call for a ticket to a place only a few miles north.

"It's only a blind," said Harry to himself, rapidly revolving in his mind numerous plans for detaining the president.

The train was ten minutes late and was expected every moment. In the meantime Mr. Brooks was standing outside the station, taking advantage of the delay to regulate some accounts left unfinished by the hastiness of his departure from the bank. Harry eagerly watched him from a doorway near by. How should he balk him? How prevent him leaving town with his ill gotten spoils?

He had it, his plan, and left the doorway with

"No, is that so?" said Harry, everything vanishing from his mind except the game.

"Yes, they've played about ten minutes now, and it will take us ten minutes more to get over there if we start right off. But we can see more than half the game, any way."

And Fred and Harry, the latter having entirely forgotten his prisoner, started off for the Star Athletic Grounds.

The match being over Harry returned to the station at a moderate pace. Arrived, he found a large mob of people assembled, talking loudly and gesticulating wildly.

"What is the matter?" he asked of one of his friends whom he saw sitting on a post near by, looking rather frightened.

"Bank's busted. Wilding the cashier and Brooks the president run off with the money."

Harry to his friend's great surprise, instead of sympathizing with him and joining in his chorus, gave a "hip, hip hurrah," and kicked his heels together. Then with an assumption of great importance he rushed up to one of the largest stock holders in the bank, who, although he had probably lost more than any one person present, was standing quietly outside the throng; while Dobbs, whose losses would not have bought him a new hat, was plowing here and there amongst the crowd, yelling, howling, and threatening terrible vengeance.

Mr. Lorry. Come, I have 'em."

"Have them! Have who?"

"Mr. Brooks, the president."

"And Wilding?"

"No, only Brooks." And in a few sentences Harry told his story, and Mr. Lorry, thoroughly roused, plunged around the corner, calling upon the crowd to follow him. The bolts were shot back, the cellar doors flung open, and Mr. Brooks and Mr. Wilding appeared at the entrance.

Here they are. "Mob 'em." "There's the old fox and his cub," shouted the crowd.

The president attempted to speak, but his voice was drowned; he changed color, bit his lip and folded his arms.

Mr. Lorry then stood up and demanded silence. The shouts sank into grumbles and finally subsided altogether. Mr. Brooks again attempted to speak, but Wilding interrupted him.

"I, alone, am the guilty party," he said. "I fully exonerate Mr. Brooks. The stocks, bonds and bills are in this satchel. Mr. Brooks is—" but he was stopped by the cheers of the crowd.

"It is true," said Mr. Brooks to Mr. Lorry. "He confessed to me in the cellar, when he found he could not escape. I do not wish him to be prosecuted; nothing is now damaged except his reputation."

Wilding was placed under arrest, and the crowd gradually dispersed, leaving Mr. Brooks and Mr. Lorry together, with Harry a few feet off, filled with chagrin at his mistake, but with the knowledge that it had been the means of capturing the real thief.

"I should like to know, Lorry, if you can tell me, what boy that was that locked me in there. Pretty smart boy—rather too smart, perhaps," remarked Mr. Brooks. "I've lost a \$200 case this afternoon. Still, it is not possible for me to regret it, since by the mistake the bank has been saved. Do you know the boy?"

Mr. Lorry silently and smilingly pointed to Harry.

"What, young Heath? Why, sir, do you know what you have been doing? Locking me up for two mortal hours and making me lose an important case. You did happen to catch the right one this time, but you can't always blunder into it. I can guess what put it into your head; that newspaper report about Phillips, I fancy. And you're a reader of detective literature. I imagine, besides. Now a boy that would read one of those miserable sensational stories—"

"Not so bad as that, I hope," interrupted Mr. Lorry, handing him a telegram he had that moment received. "The 4:23 train. The one you were going on, was it not?"

"Ah, what's this?" exclaimed Mr. Brooks. "4:23 train broken through? Restle three hours this side of Clyde Junction. Fourteen killed and all more or less injured. Well—althen—my boy, it seems that I'm indebted to you for my present safety and perhaps for my life. You must ride home with me."

Little was said on the way home, but the ride was the beginning of a better acquaintance between the two, and Harry found no truer or warmer friend in after life than the man, whom he for twenty four hours had regarded as a desperate criminal. And it may be added, he has given up reading dime novels, realizing that the happy outcome of his adventure was more by good luck than good management.



GREAT WAS THE AMAZEMENT WHEN MR. BROOKS AND WILDING EMERGED FROM THE CELLAR.

the buggy, sprang at the back of it and held on although it was going at a furious rate.

He imagined he saw through the speech of the president; its coarse joke about investing money which he, Mr. Brooks, had stolen, and "stopping away three or four days, perhaps more." And then the defaulter had perceived in him, Harry, an alert and watchful guard of the depositors' money, and had endeavored to get him out of the way by sending him on a fictitious errand. All these things rushed through Harry's mind as the buggy whirled him swiftly along.

Many were the shouts of "Cut, cut behind;" but either the driver did not hear or did not choose to notice them, and Harry remained undiscovered. In a few minutes the carriage drew up with a violent jerk at the platform of the Northern Depot. Harry vanished around the corner before Mr. Brooks had alighted.

"Here, Fred, let me take your jacket and cap a couple of minutes," cried he, on meeting a friend of his.

"What do you want of them?—why what's the matter with your face?—you've got it all

a spring. He crept quickly up behind the unconscious gentleman and threw a folded paper into the cellar way directly behind him.

"I think, sir," said Harry, pointing to the note in the cellar, and distorting his face into a horrible grin to escape detection, "that you've dropped something from your pocket book."

"Why, so I have," and Mr. Brooks descended the seven or eight cellar steps. The next instant the door was banged behind him and the bolt shot.

A moment later the train steamed rapidly up to the station, and in a few seconds was off again with its load of passengers. Harry, as he watched it out of sight, began to ask himself if he had not been rather hasty. What if Mr. Brooks were not a defaulter, and he, Harry, had kept him from some important piece of business; perhaps from making a will for some dying person; or perhaps—

But at this moment Fred appeared, waving two pieces of pasteboard over his head.

"Two tickets to the football match over in the Star grounds," he cried. "I just met Porter and he says he can't use 'em."

IN SPRINGTIME.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Sprits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

[This story commenced in No. 270.]

Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

OR,

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "Reginald Cruden," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MR. HALGROVE AGAIN.

PERCY, ready to clutch at any straw of hope, and jumping at once to the conclusion that the only business on which any one could possibly call at the house was about Jeffreys, told Walker to show the gentleman up.

He was a dark, handsome man, with a few streaks of gray in his hair, and a keen, cold look in his eye which Percy mistrusted.

"We're old friends, I fancy," said he, nodding to the boy as he entered.

"At least I fancy I saw you sixteen or seventeen years ago."

"I must have been jolly young then," said Percy.

"You were about a week. Your father and I were college friends. I gave him up as a deserter when he married, and might have cut his acquaintance altogether, only as he happened to marry my sister, I was bound to keep up appearances and come and inspect my nephew when he made his appearance."

"You're my Uncle Halgrove, then? I thought you were dead."

"I sympathize keenly with you at your disappearance. I'm alive and well, and hoped to find my brother in law at home."

"They'll be back tomorrow," said Percy.

"Have you dined, my boy?"

"No, not yet."

"That's well, they can lay for two. I'll sleep here to-night."

Percy scrutinized his uncle critically.

"Look here, uncle," he said, rather nervously, "it may be all right, you know, and I'd be awfully sorry not to be civil. But I never saw you before, and didn't know you were alive. So I think you'd better perhaps stay at your hotel tonight and come tomorrow when they all come home. Do you mind?"

"Mind? No," said Mr. Halgrove.

"I'm delighted if you are. You prefer solitude, so do I. Or perhaps you've been a naughty boy and left behind for your sins."

"I've stayed behind because I didn't want to go," said Percy.

"Well," said Mr. Halgrove, "I am sure your relatives are the sufferers by your decision. By the way, one of the things I came to see your father about was to ask him to help me out of a money difficulty. I've just landed from America, and my remittances are not here to meet me. Consequently I am in the ridiculous position of not being able to pay for the luxury of a hotel. But I understand there are nice clean railway arches at Victoria, and that trusts are frequently to be met with in the gutters if one keeps his eye open."

Percy was perplexed.

"Do you mean you're really hard up?" said he, because if you really are, of course you'd better put up here."

"But I may be a fraud, you know. I may rob the house and murder you in your bed," said his uncle, "and that would be a pity."

"I'll take my chance of that," said Percy.

And so it happened that the house in Clarges Street had a visitor on the last night of Percy's lonely months.

The boy and his uncle began the evening with a good deal of suspicion and mutual aversion.

But it wore off as the hours passed. Mr. Halgrove had a fund of stories to tell, and the boy was a good listener; and when at last they adjourned for bed they were on friendly terms.

Percy, however, took the precaution to take away the front door key, so that the visitor could not abscond from the house during the night without his knowledge.

He need not have worried, however. His uncle appeared at breakfast the next morning, and made a good meal of it, by the way.

Percy was in considerable difficulty as to the

ceremonies to be observed in welcoming his family home. For he had no notion of leaving the house in the possession of his suspicious uncle while he went down to the station. Nor could he bear the idea of not being at the train to meet them.

So he compromised matters by taking his complaisant relative with him, much to that gentleman's amusement.

It relieved him considerably when the train arrived to see that his mother recognized the stranger, though not effusively, as her veritable brother. He was thus able to devote his whole attention to his other uncle, whom he found considerably more interesting.

Colonel Atherton arrived in high spirits, like a schoolboy home for a holiday. He struck up an alliance with Percy at once, and insisted on taking him off to the apartments near Regent's Park which were to be his and Raby's home for the next few months.

As he was saying good by to the Rimbolts he caught sight for the first time of Mr. Halgrove.

"Why, bless me, is that you, Halgrove?" he said. "Why, I've worn mourning for you, my boy. This is a bit of sharp practice. Where did you spring from?"

"Perhaps I'm a ghost, after all. So many people have told me lately I'm dead that I begin to believe it."

"Never fear. If you were a ghost we should be able to see through you—that's more than anybody ever did with Halgrove, eh, Rimbolt?"

"Halgrove is coming home with us," said

The reader knows all Colonel Atherton was able to tell Percy and Raby—for the latter was not an uninterested listener—of the story of Mr. Halgrove's partner. Percy in turn told what he knew of his Jeffreys; and putting the two stories together it seemed pretty clear it was a history of parent and son.

Colonel Atherton could not fail to be impressed by the boy's excitement and agitation over the loss of his friend; and when struck by a sudden idea he turned to his daughter and said:

"I suppose this must be the gentleman you told me about in your letter? You never mentioned his name;" the blush with which she answered that it was, convinced him that the whole affair was a serious one, and wanted looking into.

They talked the matter over pretty frankly, and with Percy's assistance the case was made pretty plain to the disconcerted parent.

Early next morning the colonel was at Clarges Street, seated in the study with his two old college friends.

"Well," said he, "here's a case of we three meeting again with a vengeance. And what have you been up to, Halgrove, these twenty years? No good, I'll be bound."

"I have at least managed to keep clear of matrimony," said Mr. Halgrove, "which is more than either of you virtuous family men can say."

"Ah, well," said the colonel, with a sigh, "that's not all misfortune; witness my sweet

"Jeffreys."

"Young Jeffreys on your hands?"

"Scarcely. We parted company. As I told him, I never was particular, but a man must draw the line somewhere, and I drew it at manslaughter."

"What became of him?"

"Well, before I went abroad, he was teacher in a dame school in York. He may be there still, unless by this time all his pupils are de-voiced."

"Very unpleasant business for you," said Mr. Rimbolt.

"And," asked the colonel, with a wink at his brother in law, "did he, like the prodigal, take his portion of goods with him? I mean what his father left him."

Mr. Halgrove for a moment raised his brows uncomfortably.

"No," said he; "Benjamin Jeffreys was an eccentric man, and invested his money in eccentric securities. His son's money, like the lad himself, went to the dogs, and left me decidedly out of pocket by my form of guardianship. I really advise neither of you to indulge your philanthropy in adopting somebody else's sons; it doesn't pay."

"Yours certainly was not a lucky experience," said Mr. Rimbolt; "however, when you were last heard of, fame reported that you could afford to drop a bit."

"Time flies, and so does money. No one could repeat the libel now with truth. The fact is, this visit to an old college friend is a trifle interested. My journey to the West has turned out badly, and, greatly as I should like it, I could not offer to lend either of you fellows a hundred pounds at this present moment. So I hope you won't ask me."

The talk here took a financial turn, and Mrs. Rimbolt presently joining the party, she and her brother were left to themselves, when Mr. Rimbolt and the colonel took a short stroll.

Mr. Rimbolt took the opportunity of telling his brother in law what he knew, not only of Jeffreys, but of young Forrester; and the colonel told him of his obligation to find if possible the child of his dead companion in arms.

"It's a mixed up business altogether," said he, "and from all I can judge something of a family matter. My little girl, Rimbolt, whom you may remember so good, seems to me more interested in this librarian of yours than she would like any one to suspect—eh?"

"I have fancied so," said Mr. Rimbolt, "sometimes."

"Pleasant to come home and find everybody in the dumps about some one one has never seen. The sooner the rascal comes to light the better for everybody, and for my holiday. By the way, Rimbolt, that struck me as fishy about Jeffreys's money didn't it you?"

"It did. I had never heard anything about Halgrove having a partner."

"I had. He went out of his mind and died by his own hand; but from what I knew of Halgrove then, I should say it was a wretched and eccentric speculation. However, the money's gone; so it's all the same for young Jeffreys."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AT WILKINS AND WILKINS'S.

THE time passed on; and one day early in December, when she returned home, Raby found her father in an unwanted state of excitement.

"There's a clew, Raby, at last!" he said.

"A clew, father—you mean about young Forrester?"

"About that. It's the most mixed up affair I was ever in. Who do you suppose has written in answer to our advertisement about Forrester?"

"Has he replied himself?" asked Raby, disingenuously; for she guessed the truth.

"Not a bit of it. The letter's from Jeffreys. He doesn't say his name, but a warse; but he writes to say that he was at Bolsover and was responsible for the accident; and repeats what Rimbolt knows already about his trying to hear of him in his native place. There's nothing very fresh about Forrester; but it may lead to our finding Jeffreys."

"Of course," said Raby, finding it hard to conceal her emotion, "he has written to the lawyers. Does he give an address then?"

"No—only a coffee house in Drury Lane. He's evidently on his guard against a trap. He writes private and confidential; but you can see he is ready to do anything to find Forrester."

"What shall I do?"

"Well, Rimbolt, leave it to the lawyers. Of course we've no right to trap him, and Rimbolt thinks Wilkins and Wilkins had better not mention our names, but let him know they are acting for Forrester's executors. If he's not scared during the first visit or two, he may consent to see me, or Percy—and among us may



JEFFREYS DASHED THROUGH THE TERRIBLE FLAMES AND SMOKE.

Mr. Rimbolt, "so when you and Raby come tomorrow we can talk over old times."

"Who would have thought of him turning up?" said the colonel to his daughter, as with Percy they drove off in their cab. "Why, I've not heard of him since that affair of poor Jeffreys, and—"

"Jeffreys!" exclaimed Percy, with a suddenness that startled the gallant officer, "did you say Jeffreys?"

"Yes; what about him? It was long before your time—a dozen or fourteen years ago."

"Why, he couldn't have been more than eight then; what happened to him, uncle, I say?"

The boy asked his question so eagerly and anxiously that it was evident it was not a case of idle curiosity.

"You must be meaning the son; I'm talking about the father. Wait till we get home, my boy, and you shall hear."

It required all Percy's patience to wait. The very mention of his friend's name had excited him. It never occurred to him that there were hundreds of Jeffreys in the world, and that his uncle and he might be interested in quite different persons. For him there was but one Jeffreys in the universe, and he jumped at any straw of hope of finding him.

an unfortunate speculation in every way.

"Did the boy bolt?"

"Not exactly. I sent him to a first rate school, where he distinguished himself in a way of his own by an act of homicide."

"What?" exclaimed the colonel; and Mr. Rimbolt suddenly became attentive.

"Singular!" exclaimed the colonel. "I had a chum in India who had a boy at that very school."

Here the speaker became aware of a sharp kick under the table, and a significant look from Mr. Rimbolt. The old soldier was used to obey the word of command at a moment's notice, and pulled up now.

"I should think a thing like that would be very bad for the school," said Mr. Rimbolt, quietly, and in an offhand way.

"Fatal," said Mr. Halgrove. "I believe Bolsover went to the dogs after it."

"And so you had—you had young—what was his name?"

daughter and Rimbolt's fine boy. What have you got to show against that?"

"Nothing, I confess."

"By the way, though, haven't you? The last I heard of you was in the papers—a record of a generous act on your part. You had adopted the son of an unfortunate partner of yours who had died. Is he still with you?"

"No," said Mr. Halgrove; "that turned out

be able to help him out of his present condition, which, to judge by his letter, I should fancy is rather reduced. He has been asked to call at Wilkins on Wednesday, and they have promised to treat the matter as confidential—and we shall just have to trust they will talk him round."

Percy dropped in during the evening, highly excited by the news. He utterly scouted all these scrupulous precautions.

"It's not I tell you! When you once get him there, what you ought to do is to shut the door and collar the key, and have Raby and me and father hidden somewhere in the room. He's bound to be caught that way."

"My boy, in times of peace one doesn't catch men like rats, unless, indeed, they are criminals. Unfortunately Jeffrey's not."

"All I can say is," said the boy, "after our looking for him so long it does seem hard lines to find him at last and no one is allowed to come near him. I'm certain if Raby went—"

"You're too impatient, boy. He'll come back to us of his own accord if we give him time. Unless we do we spoil everything, and shall probably scare him away for good."

"If he knew how we wanted him?"

"Hans! he's seen your father's advertisement? It appeared in the same paper which had the advertisement about Forrester, so he is certain to have seen it. No; depend on it if he gets the least inkling we are on his scent he'll fight shy, and we shall never hear of him again."

"I dread it," said Jeffrey. Percy to patience, and so it came about that Jeffrey was not the only person who looked forward anxiously and eagerly to the interview on Wednesday.

Little suspecting the interest which his movements were causing elsewhere, Jeffrey, on the appointed day, presented himself at Messrs. Wilkins and Wilkins's office.

He was so much changed by eight months' misery and privation that no ordinary acquaintance would have recognized in the broken down, haggard fellow who entered the office the once robust and stalwart librarian of Wildtree. Even Percy would have had to look at him twice to make sure.

However, there was no one present on this occasion to cause him any uneasiness as to the possibility of recognition. The clerk in the outer office left him standing a quarter of an hour before he deigned to look up and say:

"Come, be off; I've nothing for you."

"I want to see Messrs. Wilkins and Wilkins."

"I dare say you do. So do a lot of fellows. I tell you it's no use your waiting."

"I have an appointment," said Jeffrey, producing the letter.

The clerk looked at it hurriedly and said:

"And you wish to do this? You say you had? You were expected here a quarter of an hour ago. Here, come this way."

And he led the way to a room in which an elderly gentleman was seated writing.

"Here is the man you expected, sir," said the clerk.

Mr. Wilkins looked up curiously at his visitor.

"Ah," said he, "you have called in reference to that advertisement about Gerrard Forrester. Quite so. Let me see. I have your letter here, Mr.—"

"It is not necessary to know my name," said Jeffrey.

"Just as you please. Of course, as you say you were at Bolsover School with Forrester, and were the cause of his accident, it is hardly worth while making a mystery of it."

"I forgot that. My name is John Jeffrey."

"Thank you. It is a very proper thing of you to offer to assist in the case. It is possible I shall be glad if in the end you should become entitled to the reward which has been offered."

"I would not touch a farthing of it," said Jeffrey, with a scorn that astonished the lawyer.

"Well, that's your affair. I can understand you have some remorse for what has occurred, and would be glad to help, reward or no reward."

"I would give my life to find young Forrester. Has anything been heard of him?"

"Not much, though we have been able to trace him rather farther than you did. We found a day or two ago a mention of the case of a boy uttering from the results of an accident such as appears to have met with, in one of the medical papers at the time. The case was reported as having been treated at the Middlesex Hospital, and I find on inquiry there that in December of that year Gerrard Forrester was a patient under treatment for some months, and that in the May following was discharged as incurable. That, you see, was more than eighteen months ago."

Jeffrey felt his heart thump excitedly as he listened. It was little enough, but it seemed at least to bring him six months nearer to the object of his search.

"After that," said Mr. Wilkins, "we are unable to discover anything. The address entered against his name in the hospital books, which was probably that of his old nurse, cannot now be found, as the street has been pulled down a year ago, and no one recollects him. I saw the surgeon at the hospital, who remembered the case, and he explained to me that the boy whom he left there might have lived a month or twenty years. In any case he would always have to lie on his back. It would be possible, he said, for him to use his hands—indeed he believed during the last week or two of his stay in the hospital he had amused himself with drawing."

"He was considered good at drawing at Bolsover," put in Jeffrey.

"So he may possibly have been able to earn a living of some sort. The strange thing is that he does not appear to have written to any one. He might have communicated with his former head master, or some of his grandmother's friends at Grangerham, but he has not. According to Colonel—to my client's account, he does not appear to have written to his father, though it is possible he may have mislaid there. You have heard, no doubt, that his father died in action in Afghanistan in January?"

"Yes, I heard that—very gallantly."

"Yes, in fact the boy would, I believe, if he could be found, be entitled to a pension, besides what little property his father left. The account of the action, as well as our advertisements, has been in the papers. If Gerrard is alive he is probably somewhere beyond the reach of the press, and for my own part I cannot see how he can be in any but destitute circumstances."

"This was all there was to say. But Mr. Wilkins's task was not yet done. He had been instructed to ascertain, if possible, something of Jeffrey's present condition, and to sound him as to his willingness to see again some of the friends of his old life."

"I am afraid," said he, "you too have had reverses, Mr. Jeffrey."

"Never mind me, please," replied he.

"You are living near here?"

"No. I must excuse me here if I take an interest in you—a former schoolfellow of young Forrester's. You have come through much since then?"

"Not more than I deserve," said Jeffrey, fidgeting.

"My client, I think, would have been glad to see you, but as you made a point of this interview being confidential, I was not justified in asking him to be present."

"Oh, no. I don't want to see any one."

"It would be a great help to my client, who is a stranger in London, if you, who know Forrester's present condition, would be kind as to—"

"Who is your client, may I ask?"

"My client," said Mr. Wilkins, resolved to make the venture, "is a Colonel Atherton, an old comrade of Captain Forrester's, who has undertaken to try and find the boy and provide for him."

Jeffrey started, and replied:

"I will do anything to help by myself, but I do not wish to meet him."

"You know him, then?"

"No, I have never seen him."

"He would, I can promise, respect your confidence, Mr. Jeffrey."

"I know, but I cannot meet him or any one. I will do anything he wants about searching for Forrester—he cannot be more anxious than I am—but I have every reason for wishing to remain unknown."

"You forget that it is hardly possible he can fail to know your name; and he has friends, some of whom I believe are deeply interested in you."

Jeffrey shuddered.

"I can't say more," said he. "I will do all I can, but I want to see nobody but you."

"I may, of course, report this interview to my client."

"Of course; I can't prevent that."

"Ah! I must tell him you definitely refuse to meet him."

"Yes. I cannot see him."

"Or tell him your address?"

"No; you know where a letter would find me."

"Well, will you call again—say this day week?"

"Yes; to see you alone."

Thus the unsatisfactory interview ended. Mr. Wilkins was a man of honor, and felt he had no right to insist on Jeffrey opening communications with the colonel; still less had he the right, as he might easily have done, to track his footsteps and discover his hiding place.

Jeffrey, alive to a sense of insecurity, evidently expected the possibility of some such friendly ruse, for he returned to his work by a long circuitous course which would have baffled even the cleverest of detectives.

CHAPTER XL.

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

JEFFREYS seriously debated with himself that night the desirability of evacuating his garret at Storr Alley and seeking refuge elsewhere else. His old life seemed so gloomy in his mind; and, like the wary hare, he felt the inclination to double on his pursuers and give them the slip.

For, rightly or wrongly, he had convinced himself that the one calamity to be dreaded was his recapture by the friends in whose house his bad name had soiled him so evil a revenge.

"What if I could leave Storr Alley? Had he not ties there?"

Was it not worth worlds to him to hear now and then, on his return at night, some scrap of news of the ministering angel, whose visits cheered the place in his absence? He shrank more than ever from a chance meeting; but could not soardonable self-indulgence to stay where he could hear and even speak of her?

Nor was that his only tie now.

Mrs. Pratt, in the room below, had never recovered yet from the illness which prostrated her at little Annie's death; and night by night Jeffrey had carried the two babies to his own

attic in order to give her the rest she needed, and watch over them in their hours of cold and restlessness.

He became an expert nurse. He washed and dressed those two small brethren—the eldest of whom was barely three—as deftly and gently as if he had been trained to the work. And he manipulated their frugal meals, and stowed them away in his bed, with all the art of a practiced nurse.

How could he desert them now?

How indeed? That very night, as he sat writing, with the little pair sleeping fitfully on the bed, a head was put in at the door and a voice said in a whisper: "Poor Mrs. Pratt's gone, John."

"What," he said, "is she dead?"

"Yes—all of sudden she 's done it—I know'd she was weak there. Poor dear—and her 'usbud such a bad 'un too, and they do say she was be'ind with her rent."

So the woman chattered on, and when at last she went, Jeffrey glanced at the two unconscious charges and went on writing.

No, he would not go to Storr Alley.

In the morning as usual he performed their little toilets and announced to the elder that his mother had gone away, and they might stay up stairs. Whereat the little orphan was merry and executed a caper on the bare floor.

A fresh dilemma faced the newly made father. He must work and his family were to eat. The dirty shilling he had earned last week could not last forever. Indeed, the neighbors all seemed to take it for granted he would see to Mrs. Pratt's burial; and how could he do otherwise?

That meant a decided pull on his small resources. For a day or two he might live on his cash, but after that—

He put off that uncomfortable speculation. The baby began loudly to demand its morning meal; and the three year old, having run through his mirth, began to whimper for his mother. Altogether Jeffrey had a busy time of it.

So busy that when, about midday, Tim, who had perched up on a box at the window to amuse himself at the peril of his neck by looking out into the court below, suddenly exclaimed,

"There she is!" He bounded from his seat like one electrified, and for the first time realized that she might come and find him!

There was barely a chance of escape. She had already entered the garret and he became aware of the little flutter which usually pervaded the crowded tenement when she set foot in it.

She had many families to visit; and each grudged her to the next.

What could he do? Wait and face her, and perhaps meet her look of scorn, or, worse still, of indignation, and bid her go home?

He debated the question till he heard her enter the chamber of death below.

With a groan he gathered together his papers, and bidding Tim mind the baby till he returned, seized his hat and hurried from the room.

He went out miserably into the street and waited for an opportunity to enter the alley till he should come out. It was long before she appeared—he guessed how those two friendless little orphans would detain her. When she came her veil was down, and in the crowd on the pavement he lost sight of her in a moment.

Yet he knew her, and all his resolution once more wavered, as he reflected that he was still within reach of the very door which she had entered.

He returned anxiously to the attic. The baby lay asleep on the bed, and Tim, perched on his window seat, was crooning over a little doll.

There was a flower on the table; the scanty furniture of the room had been set in order, and his quick eye even noticed that a rent in Tim's frock which had given him some concern in the morning had been neatly mended.

Tim came and put the little doll into his hands.

"She gave it me. Will she come soon again?" said the child.

"Yes; she's sure to come again."

"You ran away, you was afraid. I wasn't." In a strange turmoil of emotion Jeffrey resumed his writing. The flower in the cup beside him was only a half withered aster, yet it seemed to him to perfume the room.

Till midnight he labored on; then, cold and wearied, he put out his little candle and laid himself to bed, with the children on the bed.

He had scarcely done so when he became aware of a glare at the window, which brought him to his feet in an instant. It was a fire somewhere.

His first panic that it might be in the house was quickly relieved. It was not even in Storr Alley, but in one of the courts adjoining. He looked down from his window. The alley was silent and empty. No one there, evidently, had yet had an alarm.

Quickly putting on his boots, he hurried down and made his way in the direction of the flames. From below they were yet scarcely visible, and he concluded that the fire, wherever it was, must have broken out in the top story. Driver's Court, which backed on to Storr Alley, with which it was connected at the far end by a narrow passage, was an unknown land to Jeffrey.

The Jews in Storr's had no dealings with the Samaritans in Driver's; for Storr Alley, poor as it might be, prided itself on being decent and hard working. The Jews, on the other hand, had heard the stories told about it. It was a regular thieves' college. A stranger who chanced into Driver's with a watch chain upon him, or a chink of money in his pocket, or even a good coat upon his back, might as soon think of coming out by the way he had entered as of flying.

There were ugly stories of murders and mysteries under those dark staircases, and even the police drew the line at Driver's Court and gave it the go-by.

Jeffrey had nothing to apprehend as he rushed down the passage. He had neither watch, chain, nor money, nor good coat. His footsteps, echoing noisily in the midnight silence, brought a few heads to the windows, and almost before he stood in the court there was a cry of "Fire!"

Terrible anywhere, such a cry in a court like Driver's was awful indeed. In a moment the narrow pavement swarmed with people, shouting, cursing, and screaming. Although even yet the flames scarcely appeared from below, a panic set in which it was hopeless either to remove or control. Chairs, tables, mattresses were flung, it seemed at random, from the windows. Mothers, not venturing out on to the stairs, cried down to those below to catch their children. Drunken men, suddenly roused, reeled fighting and blaspheming into the court. Thieves plied their trade even on their panic stricken neighbors, and fell to blows over the plunder.

Still more terrible was the cry to others who remained within.

Children, huddled into corners, heard that cry and it glued them where they stood. The sick and the crippled heard it, and made one last effort to rise and escape. Even the aged and bed-ridden, dressed at random, when they heard it, lay shouting for some one to help.

The flames, pent up at first and reddening the sky sullenly through the smoke, suddenly freed themselves and shot up in a wild sheet above the court. The crowd below answered the outburst with a hideous chorus of shrieks and yells, and surged madly towards the doomed house.

There was no gleam of pity or devotion in those lurid upturned faces. To many of them it was a show, a spectacle; to others a terrible nightmare, to others a cruel freak of Providence, calling forth curses.

The flames, spreading downwards, had already reached the second floor, when a window suddenly opened; and a woman, with wild disheveled hair, put out her head and screamed wildly.

The crowd caught sight of her, and answered with something like a jeer.

"It's Black Sal," some one shouted; "she's kitched it at last."

"Who don't you jump?" shouted another.

"Booth!" shouted a third. "Who skinned the cripple?"

The woman gave a scared look up and down. The flames at that moment wrapped round the window, and, with a wild howl, the crowd saw her disappear into the room.

Jeffrey all this time had been standing wedged in the crowd, a spectator of that hideous scene and now a witness of this last tragedy.

With a desperate effort he fought his way to the front, hitting right and left to make himself a passage. It was a minute before he got through. Then the crowd, realizing as if by intuition his purpose, staggered back, and raised a howl as he dashed into the door of the half consumed building.

The first flight of steps was still intact, and he was up it in a moment; but as he dashed up the second the smoke swirled down in his face and half choked him. He groped—for it was impossible to see—till he found a landing, guided partly by the roar of the crowd without, and partly by the shrieks within, he found the room.

It was full of flame as he entered it, and to all appearance contained nothing else. The wretched woman, finding the stairs worse to face than the fire, had rushed back there and flung herself desperately on to the heads of the crowd below.

As he turned to save himself, Jeffrey, amid the roar of the flames, caught the sound of a shout from the corner of the room which he had imagined to be empty.

Rushing toward it, he made out the figure of a lad on the floor, blackened with smoke, and evidently unable to move.

Yet he was not senseless, for he called, "I can't walk—help me."

Jeffrey caught him in his arms in a moment, and only just in time. He had literally to wade through flame to get to the door, and when he reached the stairs outside, the dense smoke, rigid and every instant, burst upon him well high over his head.

How he staggered down that awful flight with his burden he knew not. More than once he stumbled; and once a shower of fallen embers all but stunned him. It was all done in a minute.

Those who watched without marvelled how soon he returned; and when they perceived that he bore in his arms a living creature, even Driver's Court swayed back to let him pass, and cheered him.

Happily a cry of "Engines!" at the other end of the street diverted the crowd still further and enabled him to stagger forward clear of danger.

"Drop him, he's a dead 'un," shouted some one who stopped a moment to peer into the face of the senseless lad.

"I'll give you a shilling to help me with him out of this," said Jeffrey.

It was a shilling well spent. Unaided he could never have done it, but with the sturdy gladiator to clear the way he was able at last to reach the comparative seclusion of Storr Alley.

The offer of another shilling prevailed on the man to carry the lad to the attic.

